

THE
MIRROUR
WHICH
FLATTERS
NOT.

Dedicated to their MAJESTIES
of GREAT BRITAIN,

By
Le *Sieur* de la SERRE, Historiographer
of FRANCE.

Enriched with faire *Figures*.

Transcrib'd ENGLISH from the
FRENCH, by T. C.

' And devoted to the well-disposed
READERS.

HORAT.
OMNEM crede DIEM tibi diluxisse SUPREMUM.

LONDON,
Printed by E. P. for R. Thrale, and are to be sold
at his shop at the Signe of the Crosse-Keyes,
at Pauls Gate. 1639.



The D E S I G N E of the FRONTISPICE.

LOe, D E A T H invested in a Roabe of *Ermine*,
Triumphant sits, embellished with *Vermine*,
Vpon a Pile of *dead-men's skulls*, her Throne,
Pell-mell subduing all, and sparing none.
A scrutinous judgement will the Type ressent,
You may imagine, 'Tis D E A T H's *Parlement*.
Vpon the *world* it's pow'rfull *Foot* doth tread,
For, all the world or is, or shall be *dead*.
One *hand* the *Scepter*, t'other holds our M I R R O V R,
In courtesie to shew poore *flesh* its *errour*.
If *men* forget themselves, *It* tells 'em home,
They're *Dust* and *Ashes*, All to *this* must come.
To view their *fate* herein, some will forbear,
Who *wave* all thought of *Death* as too severe:
But know, *Death* is (though't be *unknown* how *nie*)
A *point*, on which depends E T E R N I T I E,
Either to live *Crown'd* with perpetuall *Blisse*,
Or howle tormented in *Hell's* darke *Abasse*.
With *winged haste* our brittle *lives* doe *pass*,
As runnes the gliding *Sand* i' th' *Houre-Glasse*.

If more you would, continue on your *Looke*
No more upon the *Title*, but the *Booke*.



*O that they were Wise, that they understood This,
that they would Consider their latter End ! Deut: 32.29.*

—MORS sola fatetur
Quantula sint hominum corpuscula. — Juvenal:

43
4 6
7/16.





TO
THE KING
OF GREAT
BRITAIN.

SIR,

IF the Greatnesse of *Kings* derive its value and lustre from the number of *Vertues* which they possesse ; I render you now the *homage* of my *observance* , and *submissions*, as to one of the *greatest Monarchs* of the World , since you are the *Majestie* of all *Vertues* together. What an agreeable compulsion is this, to see a man's selfe powerfully forced to become

A 3

the

MILITARY

NOTES

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7/16





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A 3 the

THE EPISTLE

the *subject* of a *foraine Prince*, by the soveraigne authoritie of his *merit*? To this point am I reduced, S I R, your all-royall *perfections* impose upon me so absolutely such sweet lawes of *servitude*, that I have no more *libertie*, but to accept its *yoake*. And in *this*, my inclination and dutie make a fresh injunction o're me, which dispute preheminence with all the rest: for who can keepe himselfe from rendering *homage* to your *Majestie*, the onely fame of whose Renowne captivates through all the *Universe*, instructing us, that you are as absolute over your *Passions*, as over your *Subjects*; and that you reigne as *Soveraigne* in the esteeme of *men*, as in your *Royall Estates*: And the Truths of *this* set your *glory* at so high a worth, that the *felicities* on't may perhaps be *envied* you, but the like *Merit* nòt to be *reacht* by others, because Nature is very sparing of the like *gifts*, and Heaven does

DEDICATORIE.

does not every day such *miracles*. For me, I am but one of the *Admirers*, not of the *greatnesse* of your Dominion (*alibough onely the vast extent of the Ocean markes out its limits*) but of all the *divine qualities* which you onely possesse in proper as a Good, which *Time*, *Fate*, nor *Death* can take from you. Nor is this the *all in all*, to be *Wise*, *Valiant*, and *Generous*, in the height of *Native deduction* ; All these *Titles of Honour* have degrees of *eminence*, which marke out to us the gradations of their severall *perfections*, and whereof your *Majestie* shewes us now the onely *patterne*, having in possession all admirable *Vertues*, with so much *puritie* and *luster*, as dazles its very *envyers*, and forces them to *adore* that in your *Majestie*, which elsewhere they *admire* not. And 'tis my beleefe, that you stand thus unparallel'd even amongst your *semblables*, since besides the *Crownes* of your *Cradle*, you

A 4

carry

THE EPISTLE, &c.

carry above them *others*, and such as shall exempt you from the *Grave*. I avow, that I have studied long time to speake condignely of your *Majestie*; but although my *paines* and *watchings* are *equally unprofitable*, my *defect* yet is still *glorious* howsoever, that it is a *shadow* from your *Light*. It sufficeth me to have taken Pen in hand, to publish onely, that I am

SIR,

Your MAIESTIES

Most humble, and most
obeyfant Servant,

P. De la SERRÉ.



TO
THE QUEENE
OF GREAT
BRITAIN.

MADAME,



*Could not approach, but
with a MIRROVR in my
hand, before your Majestie,
the splendour of whose mag-
nificence dazzles so power-
fully all the world, that I am not able to
behold the immediate presence on't, but
by the reflection of its Rayes. Without
fiction, MADAME, your Glory is
arrived*

THE EPISTLE

arrived to the point of rendring your perfections so unknowne, as being so above the commune; that I beleve most men honour you now by observance and example onely, as not able otherwise to reach the depth of the just reasons they might have for it. Nor is this All, to say that you are solely faire, and perfectly chaste; but it is necessarie, beyond all this, to intimate secretly, in the Language of Thought, all the divine qualities which you possesse of Super-eminnence in all things, since their puritie cannot discend to the capacitie of our discourse, without suffering a kind of prophanation. From hence is it, that if I should call you, THE COMPLEATLY-PERFECT, I might well say in effect that which you are; but never thus should I represent the greatnesse of your merits, since every of them in it selfe ha's such particular perfections, as might challenge
Altars

DEDICATORIE.

Altars from us, if your humilitie could permit it. These are such Truths (MADAME) as binder me from praying your Majestie, not knowing how to expresse my selfe condignely. Well might I perhaps suggest it to remembrance, that your particular inclinations are the publike Vertues which we adore, and that of the same temperament of humour, Nature composed heretofore the Sages of the World: But of all these discourses notwithstanding, I cannot frame one onely prayse sufficiently adæquate to your worth, seeing 'tis elevated beyond all Eulogiums. Insomuch, that if Admiration it selfe teach not a new Language to posteritie, wherein to proclaime aloud the favours and graces wherewith Heaven hath accomlisht you; it must content it selfe, to reverence your Name, and adore your Memorie, without presumption of speech of your actions, as being ever above all valuation, as well as imitation.

To

THE EPISTLE

To instance the immortalitie of your AUGUSTICK Race, although it be a pure Source of Honour, which can never be dry'd up; yet all these Titles of a Kings Daughter, Sister, and Wife, can never adde to your Renowne, which derives its value rather from the admirabilities of your Life, then the greatnesse of your Birth. Insomuch (MADAME) that the Scepters and Crownes of your Royalties, are the meanest Ornaments wherewith your Majestie can decke it selfe; since the least glympse of the least of your Actions, dukes the luster of all the other magnificences, which environ you. And I beleeve, had those Wonders of the World beene of such a worth, as every day you descry, they had powerfully resisted against the assaults of Ages: but as they had nothing admirable in them, but the Name, Memorials have preserved that, and let them perish. But
yours

DEDICATORIE.

yours (MADAME) which are too perfect for a futable Name, shall not cease to survive the revolutions of Times, as being enlivened by Vertue, which alone can exempt from Death. Let it not seeme strange then, if I hazard the perils of the Sea, to render Homage to a QUEENE, whose Greatnesse perforce humbles the most arrogant spirits, being not able, so much as in thought, to reach to the first degree of her Glory. The GRACES themselves are hers, and the VERTUES have allied their owne and her Name; and all the adorable qualities which are found here below, are admirable in her alone, as in their Source. I am constrained to be silent (MADAME) being over-charged with too much subject of speech. The number of your Perfections astonishes me, the greatnesse of your Merit ravishes me, the splendour of your Vertue dazles

THE EPISTLE, &c.

dazles me: And in this dazle, this transport, this exceſſe of admiration, wherein my ſenſes and ſpirits are all alike engaged, I am compell'd to caſt my ſelfe at the feet of your Maieſtie, and demand pardon of the boldneſſe which I aſſume onely to enjoy the ſtile of

MADAME,

Your MAIESTIES

Most humble, and moſt

obeyſant Servant,

P. De la SERRE.



To
THE QUEENE OF
GREAT BRITAIN.

Vpon the *Mirror* which flatters not,
of Le *sieur* de la SERRE:

SONNET.

PRINCESSE, this perverse *Ages* glorious *gemme*,
Whose least of *Vertues* seemes a *prodigie*;
Illustrious *Sien*, of the fairest *Stemme*,
That *Heaven* e're shew'd this *Vniuerses* eye;
Though *Fate* with thousand *hind'rances* averse,
Barres me the *place*, to which my *duty's* bent:
I cannot cheere my *soule* from *selfe-torment*,
But by *designe* to pourtray you in *Verse*.

But

But since that *SERRES* shew's in this true *Mirror*
The *Vertues* of your *Mind's* eternall splendour,
As lively as your *Body's* beautilous measure,
My heed to view *you here*, lets others passe;
Sowell I here *agnize* all *your* rare *treasure*,
That I ne're saw a better *Cryſtall-Glaſſe*.

Par le St C.

To



To the AUTHOR, upon
the same subject.

STANCES.

D Ivine Spirit, *knowing* Soule,
Which with lovely sweet controule
Rank'st our soules those good rules under,
which thy Pen layes downe with wonder,
whil'st the sweetnesse of thy Voice
Breathes oracular sacred noise.

All thy Workes so well esteem'd
Thorough EUROPE, proofes are deem'd
Of thy Gifts, which all admire,
Which such Trophies thee acquire.
And with these thy Muse invested,
ORPHEUS is by thee out-crested.

Also since blind Ignorance
Makes no more abode in FRANCE,
Seldome can wee meet with such,
As the workes of thy sweet touch:
Such immortall straines of spirit,
As doe thousand Laurels merit.

*But although thy active Muse
Wonders did before produce,
As wee seldome see the like;
This doth with amazement strike:
'Tis a M I R R O U R, that doth shine
More with Fire, then Crystalline.*

*'Tis a M I R R O V R never flatters,
On my eyes such rayes it scatters,
That therewith I daz'led am,
Searching for thee in the same,
By some charme, or stranger case,
I see thy spirit, not thy face.*

*This strange fashion doth amaze me,
When I (ne're so little) gaze me,
I am streight all on a fire,
The more I looke, more I admire:
'Tis a M I R R O V R sure of flame,
Sparkling, more wee marke the same.*

*Yet not every prying eye
Shall it-selfe herein espie;
'Tis not for so commune use,
Free from flattering abuse:
None so clearely here are seene,
As King C H A R L E S, and his faire Queene.*

Therefore

*Therefore thus the A U T H O R meant,
To the World it is present;
Since it is a thing so rare,
And unparalleld rare;
That it should a Tablet bee
For the fairest hee could see.*

*SERRES, this thy worke-man-ship
Doth my spirit over-strip,
With such judgement, and such grace,
Thou dost shew in little space
Three strange Wonders, without error,
Two bright Sunnes in one cleare M I R R O R.*

*And by this thy rare composure,
Shall thy Name, beyond enclosure
Of this present Age, obtaine
Eternall honour for thy paine:
Writing to these Princes Graces,
Thou art prais'd in thousand places.*

Par le mesme.



Vpon the B O O K E.

S O N N E T.

HERE, undisguis'd, is scene in this *true Mirrour*
The glory, or the shame of *mortall storie*,
As *Reason*, or the misse-led *senses error*
Doe winne the day, or yeeld the *Victorie*:
SERRES doth here *lively delineate*
Our *every-dayes* vaine wretched *passages*,
And what is *destin'd* after *Funerall state*,
To *innocent purenesse*, or *black wickednesse*.
Such *diverse subjects* in this one enclosed,
Such *various objects* to the view expo'sed.
Thou little *Monarch*, M A N, small *Vniverse*,
Thy *Soule* it *lessons* thus, and thee *informs*,
As thou art *Soule*, with *heavenly fires* converse,
As thou art *Flesh*, thou art a *Bait* for *wormes*.

To



To the READER.

I may, perhaps, seeme strange, that I treat so often in my Works of the same matter, as of the contempt of the World, and meditations of Death : But if the importance of the subject be considered, and the profit to be derived thence, a Man will never be wearie of seeing such faire truths under different presentations. Besides, the conceptions of spirit upon the same matter, are like the productions of Nature in the Species's of Tulips : Every yeere shee gives a Change, both to their Colour, and Array. And though they be still Tulips, shee renders them so different from their

To the Reader.

first resemblance, that they can hardly otherwise be knowne, but by name. The Mind doe's the same; upon the same subject; its Fancies, which are its ornature, and embellishment, render it by their diversitie so different from it selfe, that 'tis hardly knowne, but by the Titles, which it beares, to particularize each Conceit. So that if once againe I represent unto thee the pourtrait of Vanitie, and the Image of Death; my spirit, which hath steaded me for Pencill, and colouring in this Worke, hath rendred it so rare in its Noveltie, and so excellent in difference from those which have preceded, that thou shalt finde nothing in it commone with them, but my name. Thou mayest consider moreover, that I dedicate Bookes to KINGS and QUEENES not every day, and that these objects of such eminent magnificence doe so nobly rouse the faculties of my Soule, that I
could

To the Reader.

could not have pettie thoughts for such high Personages. 'Tis that, which without ostentation, makes me beleieve, that if thou buy once againe this Booke, and tak'st the paines to reade it, thou wilt regret neither the Time, nor Money, which thou shalt employ therein. A D I E U.

If thou bee'st of so good an humour,
to pardon the Faults, excuse
those of the Impres-
sion.



APPROBATIO LUTETIÆ
PARISIORUM.

QVi *moribundam vitam*, qui edacem vitæ
mortem in hoc *Speculo* Liber expri-
mit; te *Lector* tibi objicit tam felici veri
specie, tam clara sublimis styli *Luce*, ut
temet fugere nequeas. *Frequens* contuere,
ne tetra hæc tua species æternum tua sit.
Ita apprecor.

MART. LUENKENS, *Sanctæ Theol.*
Lic. & Prof. Ordin. Apost.
& Regiæ, L.C.



The APPROBATION, when
Printed at PARIS.

T*His Booke, which expresth to thee in a
Mirrour a dying life, and life-devouring
Death, layes thee open to thy selfe, Reader, in
such a happie shape of truth, and so cleare a light
of a sublime style, that thou canst not scape thy
selfe. Gaze hereon often, that this ill presence
of thine, as now it is, may not be so thine eter-
nally. Thus I wish.*

MART. LUENKENS, Licentiate
of sacred Theolog. and Prof.
Ordin. Apostolicke and
Regall, L. C.

The



The SCOPE addrest to the S E R I O U S.

L Et merrier Spleenes reade *Laxari*ⁿ, or laugh
At *Sancho Panch*, or the *Grapes-blood* quaffe;
And tickle up their *Lun*s with interlace
Of *Tales*, and *Toyes*, that furrow up the face
With wrinckling *Smiles*: But if they *abusive* be
To slight *these hints* of their *Mortalitie*,
Urg'd by our *Authour*; 'tis a *foolish way*,
And weakely does become *corruptive Clay*.
If they doe meerely *carpe*, and lye o'th' catch,
Harme be to them, that onely for *harme* watch.
Solomon said it, the deriding *scornes*
Of *fooles* are but cracklings of *flaming thornes*.
Let them that will our *sober sadnesse* shun,
Goe to the *merry Devill* of *Edmonton*,
Or some such *P'ot*, whose *Author's* drift hath bin
To set the *people* on the merry pinne.
Here is no *scope* for such as love to jeere,
Nor have we *theame* for *Panto-Mimicks* heere.
They that are *ravish't* with each *iggging Toy*,
Let 'em laugh on, and jolly *mirth* enjoy.

Fairely

Fairely be this a *warning*, here's no *sport*,
And 'tis all one, if they be *sorry* for't,
Or if they *care* not. Sit they *merry* then,
Here's for the *Genius* of more *solide men*.
SERRES salutes the *serious*; who are such,
Their better-moulded *intrals* he doth twich
With stirring *truths*, and weigh 'em to the poize
Of equall *judgement*, without *gigling* noise.
Sad *Meditations* here compose the *Looke*
Socratick-like, with no *flash-humour* shooke;
Dust, *Earth*, and *Ashes* are the *Epithites*
Here propriate to the *best*, and all the *Sights*
Expos'd in this *True MIRROVR* to the *Eye*,
Are *Death*, the *Grave*, and the *World's Vanitie*,
The *frailtie* of *mankind*; and some have try'de,
Such *pensive thoughts* will lay the *dust* of *Pride*.

T H E



THE PARAGRAPHS,
(so compriz'd in the *Emblemes*)
giving subject to the *Author's*
Discourses following.

I.

✓
P^HILIP, *the King of Macedon,*
Dayly was rowz'd, and call'd upon
By a shrill Page, whose Bon-jour ran,
Remember, SIR, you are a Man.

II.

71
A Shirt is all remains in fine,
To victorious SALADINE;
At Death, a piece of Linnen is
All, that Great Monarch could call his.

ADRIAN

III.

ADRIAN *slights* Triumphall glory,
In the Grave founds his prime story,
Before all pompe hee doth preferre
His Mausolæan Sepulcher.

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IV.

DIOGENES, *in Cynicke guise,*
Puts ALEXANDER to surmise,
I'th' Miscellanie of the Dead,
Which is a King's, or Common's Head.

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A Morallize on these, Sieur S E R R E S writes,
Nor Comick Jeasts, nor amorous toy's endites,
Their Paphian Dames whil' st others loosely sing,
The Knell of Death his solemne style doth ring :
Those subjects, which whole heards of Poets use
Thred-bare, his nobler Soule disdaines to chuse :
while richly such a Reader These will fit,
whose judgement prizeth wisedome above wit.

A



A P R O L V S I O N

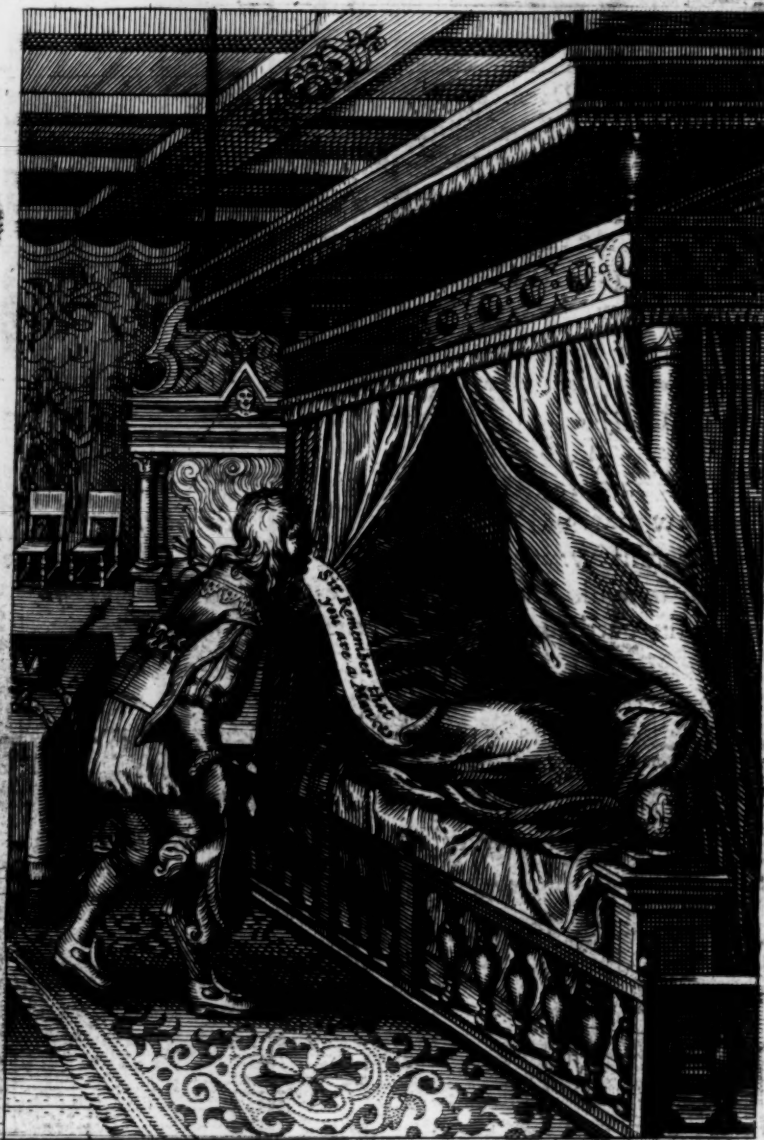
upon the E M B L E M
of the first Chapter,
or Tract.

R I S E, for a serene *Morne* brings on the *Day*,
The *Sunne* is mounted onward of his way,
The *Anthymne's* high among the feather'd *Quires*,
A lively *breath* the agile *Aire* inspires.
Draw-ope the *Curtaines* doe not close the *Eye*
From the *fresh beauties* of the *Azure-Skie*.
Marke what a smart *Bon-jour* his *Page* did bring
Each *Morne* to *PHILIP*, *Macedonia's King*,
R E M E M B E R (*Royal Sir*) Y O U A R E A M A N,
The *houres* are wing'd, the length of *life's* a *span*.
This pow'rfull *hint* stirr'd up the *King* to *rise*,
Whose name *Heroick deeds* immortalize.
Grosse-vapour'd, heavie-headed *sleepers* wake,
In the bright *Morne* no more soft *slumbers* take :
For *Action* Man was made. Our *Life's* a *Race*,
He that would winne the *Prize*, must runne apace.
Be not enchanted with the lulling *Downe*,
That *charm*es the *senses* in *Lethargick* *swowne* ;
Leave the *enclosure* of *Bed-Canopie*,
And give the *view* more spacious *libertie* :
Fortake the *grave-type Couch*, where *Death* doth keepe
His nightly *Sessions*, imaged by *Sleepe*,

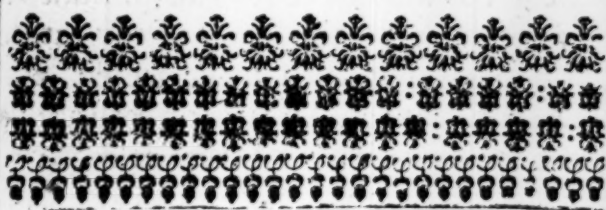
He

He that's a *Dormouse* for the time is dead,
And is entomb'd alreadie in his *Bed*.
Who knowes how soone that *Sheet*, whereon he *lies*,
May single serve to *emurap* him, when he *dies*?
How soone these *lacie feather-bedded bones*
May *Coverietted* be with *Marble-stones*?
Where no *joynt-suppling-warmth* shall give *refresh*
To high-fet *veines*, or *eate-improved flesh*;
Where those *puff-grassures*, which o're-curious *cost*
Hath *sarfet-swolne* are *putrified*, and *lost*.
Who would be *Epicurian*, since 'tis thus,
Wee that *eate* all things, else *wormes* will *eate* Us?
Or who would be o're-haughtie, since to *Earth*
He must *returne*, as thence he had his *Birth*?
Mean while, though *life's quick-sand* doth *hourely passe*,
A *sluggard sleeper* out more then *halfe his Glasse*.
Be *Active* while you may, for *Time's post-haste*
Spurres on e ch forward *Minutes* to the *last*.
Such *Thoughts* as these belt in the *Mornings prime*
To *Rouse Men's Spirits* to *redeem the Time*.
Let such our *Masters* be, ere *Death's* sad *Knell*.
Summon our wand'ring *Soules* to *Heaven* or *Hell*.

THE



PHILIP King of **MACEDON** comānded one of his Pages
to Awake him euery Morning, & Call aloud to him
SIR Remember that You are a MAN .



THE
M I R R O R
WHICH
FLATTERS NOT.

CHAP. I.



AN, remember thou art
Man, never forget thy
name, if thou wilt not
forget thy safety: Thou
art called *Earth*, thou art
made but of *Earth*, but
the *Earth* subsists, and thou vanishest;
but the earth remains firm, and thy dust
flies away: Study thy miseries, Meditate
thy disasters. Thou art nothing in effect,
but if thou be any thing imaginable, I
C dare

Homo ab hu-
mo.

Man is a thing
of nothing, only
in appearance
somewhat.

*One cannot give
the description of
Man, but by mi-
sery, nor of misery
but by Man.*

dare not so much as compare thee unto a dreame, because the frailty of thy nature hath something both more feeble, and lesse constant: an Apparition hath above thee the simplicity of the Elements, whereof it is composed, a shadow implies yet the advantage of the Noble-nesse of its beginning, since the light produceth it. Nay lastly, a very straw, or an Atome, dispute against thee also with reason, for the purity of substance, since they are corruptible, without infection, but thy heape of filth gives horreur to thy owne thoughts; insomuch that I am constrained to match thee to thy selfe, for to suggest thee the truth of thy slight-ness?

What a goodly Schoole is the world? and our condition a faire booke: and all the sad accidents, to which Nature subjects it, as so many gracious Lessons?

May not a man iustly say that the earth is a Colledge, wherein the diversity of Times and Ages, signe out the diversity of Classes, in which wee may equally make the course both of our studies and dayes, under the sway of those miseries, which

which accompany us without cease: the poorenesse of our way of birth, may stead us as a rudiment in the first Classe: the cryes and teares of the cradle, are our Grammar, the creeping weakenesse, and pittifull infirmities of Boy-age like soe much Rhetoricke, and now can there be a more subtile Philosophy, then that of the consideration of the calamities which are destined to youth? Is it not easie to become a great Naturallist by vertue of meditating the fruitfulnessse of our nature in the production both of ils, and paines which continually afflict us? and what better Metaphysicks, then contemplations of our Beeing, ever rowling to its ruine? Let us draw then the conclusion of this Argument, and joyne with as much reason as interest to these two Volumes so renowned, the Bible, and the face of Heaven, where al sorts of Sciences are in their source. *This* also of our mortall and decaying nature, since it instructs us the Art to pry our selves in our Corruptions, that wee may recover our selves in immortality.

When I consider that the Earth was created of nothing, and Man made of
C. 2. this

Misthaps and paines, are the fruits of the garden of our life.

He which goes out Doctor in the knowledg of himselfe, is ignorant of nothing.

Death and immortality are only separated, but with the length of an instant.

Man of nothing.

*The world subsists
not, but upon the
oundation of its
continual revolution.*

*A vapour.
Man elevating
himself too high
measures the
depth of the A-
bysses of his Pre-
cipice.*

A Blast.

Smoke.

*A Worme.
Wee are all
already, but rot-
tenesse, since
already wormes
begin to devour
us.*

A fireame.

this nothing, and the greatnesse which
environs him, are nothing at all, and
all the pleasures which hee idolatrizeth,
are also of the same stufte: I remaine
all confused with astonishment, nor e-
ver able to conceive the subject of his
vanity, nor the reason of his arrogance,
poore corrupted Vapour with advan-
cing it selfe, is soon transformed into a
Cloud, to conceale its noysomnesse,
but yet by way of this elevation, is
resolved into Lightnings and Thunder,
and afterward retumbles into the ditches
from whence first it had its beginning. A
Puffe of wind which rumbles in its owne
violence, angry perhaps that it cannot
subsist, but in flying, and that the action
of its continuall flight, is the beginning
of its ruine. A smoake, which with a
vaine assault will needes scale the Hea-
vens, and yet hardly can one well di-
stinguish the intervall betweene its first
Beeing and extinction: a poor glistering
Worme which dazles none but purblind
spirits, and gives light to those wormes,
which devoure it in private, A streame al-
wayes murmuring, alwayes trilling away.
And now why shall all these goodly nul-
lities

ties, and all these pleasant *Chimeræ* insinuate to us the vanity which they are of? Shall these cozening appearances be stablish'd here below with Sovereignty? bee it then onely in desire, or in dreame, for with what gilded rinde so ere they bee out-sided, Corruption is their Forme, and Dust their Matter.

I am astonish'd that Man should be capable to mistake himselfe, even to the point of forgetting what hee was, then, when hee yet was not: what he is now, whilst he enjoyes the beauty of the day, and what hee must one day bee at the Sun-set of his life: Assuredly yes, I am astonisht at it, since all created things may serve him for a *Mirroure* to contemplate therein, apparantly the verity of his miseries.

The Heavens, though whirling about with a Motion, alwayes equall in the same spaces of their carriere, doe not cease to wax old, & even their age represents to us naturally our decay. Though the Starres shine with a sparkeling luster, as cleare as at the first Day of

Everything corrupts, the very eye which now reads these truths shall not be exempt.

Nature exhibits us so many Mirrours of Inconstancy, as she hath produced objects.

Since that Nature it selfe is mortall, this second cause causing, the ruine of these effects is infallible.

*Every thing flees
away from us,
and in running
after them wee
runne to Death*

their creation, yet as they are attached within those circles of Ages, whose continual motion is limited, they approach by little and little to their last West, where their light must be extinct, and the pace of their course shewes us the way of our life, since time conducts us all together, though diversly to our end. The Fire so greedy, that it devours it selfe, when finding no more fuell to nourish it, is it not a Mirrour of the Lampe of our life, whose kindled weeke goes out, when the Oyle of the Radicall moysture failes it? The Aire, which corrupts continually, is it not an Image of our corruption? and without doubt, the Waters transparent body, represents us the fragility of ours, and its liquid crystalline, alwayes rolling away makes us see in its gliding, our flitting nature. The earth could not have figured us better then shee doth, since wee are to day of the same matter, and to morrow of the like forme. What fairer Mirrour then that of Flowers, where we may see in one day the whole course of our life, for at Sun-rise the buds resemble our Infancy, at noone the same
now

now full blowne, our youth, and at Dayes-end, themselves now quite withered, our last age. I will not speake of all the other Species of creatures animate, how every one in its selfe, though living, is an Image of death. It sufficeth me to cherish this remembrance, and leave to you thereof the meditation.

What shall I tell yee of Fortune, of honours, riches, and all these glorious qualities of valour, Beauty and a thousand other besides, which vanish away with us? This blind Goddesse hath a Mirrour under her feet, whose round figure shewes us at once, both her instability, and our inconstancy, as for greatnesse and riches, the ashes of those which have possesst them, are as so many fresh Crystalls of a Mirrour, *which flatters not*, wherein we may see the vanity both of their enjoyment, and of their possessors. Those other qualities of faire and valiant, are of the same nature, as those sensitive and vegetable soules, which dye together with the subject which they animate, without leaving ordinarily so much as one smal

*The world is a
Use-gay of flowers,
which by little
and little wither
all together.*

*Fortune hath nothing
more her owne,
then her inconstancy.*

*There is nothing
immortall in man
but vertue.*

*Man is the Mir-
rour of Man, so
that by due con-
templation of one
part, he may save
the whole.*

*All the objects of
the world bid us
Adieu, while
we but regard 'em
since they are al-
ways fleeing
away.*

memoriall, for marke that they have had a beeing otherwise: and in sequell to these truths, can you find a truer *Mirror*, then this of our selves, since every part, (nay what say I?) every action, and every sigh is an animate pourtrait of Death; Insomuch that wee draw the breath of so many continue Gaspes, without ability of dispose of one onely instant, to give intervall to this exercise.

How is it then possible that Man should mis-know himselfe, having such faithful *Mirrors* before his eyes, where at all times hee may see apparantly the Truth of his Nature kneaded in Corruption, formed by it, and destroyed also by the same; Strange thing! he can see nothing in the World, but Images of inconstancy, and yet will not apprehend his owne change: whatsoever shall smite upon his eare, will resound nothing but the bruit of his flight, and yet he will not thinke upon his retreat.

Lastly his other Sences, and his fancy, shall have no other object but this of the continuall vicissitude of all

all things , and yet hee will remaine firme and stable in his vanity, till death ruine its foundation. Thus in the deceitfull opinion, wherein hee is, of possessing all things, hee looseth the possession of himselfe, and having too much dreamed on his pleasures, his Life is past as a Dreame without returne. I must tell you one of my meditations.

*To muse alwayes
of Death, is the
way of Immor-
tality.*

I shall never be able to comprehend the meaning of those , who moane themselves against Fortune, the World and all the pleasures of this life. One forsooth will upbraid to this foolish Deity, her deceits, without considering that he deceived himselfe in giving Trust to a Goddesse, that nere had any. Hee yet will accuse her to have conducted him still through craggy wayes , and over-spread with thornes, as if in following one that is blind, a man should not hazard to run *this danger.*

*A man may well
complaine against
Fortune, these
vaine regycetes,
exempt him not
from the paine.*

Another will make ye fresh complaints against the World, detesting it's Sweetes, cursing it's charmes and calling it a Thousand times deceitfull.

*The world may
well bee the in-
strument of our
destruction, nor
be cause.*

*The number of
those whom the
world hath decei-
ved, is so great,
that they that still
trust it, are now
no more excusa-
ble.*

*The will is so free
that it cannot suf-
fer violence, but
from it selfe.*

full: but why? one would say to hear these complaints, that the world began but now to receive its birth, I meane were but now newly created, that no man knowes it yet, and that its first couzenages began, but now to be discovered? What folly! is not this to cheat ones selfe, to have commerce with a cheater? the world never yet bore any other name or title, why then ayme we to nourish our selves with its delights, whose after-bitternesse empoysons sensibly our soules? But if its charmes be powerfull enough to tempt reason, they are yet too feeble to vanquish it, provided that the will consent not so, that a man remaine convict of all the crimes, whereof he may be accused.

What seeming ground then have we to be enraged against those pleasures which we have received, if our selves only give them both being and forme? the Fancies conceive these delights, and the will gives them birth, they are the workes whereof our imaginations form the Species, and our desires make the Metamorphosis, changing them into objects palpable, and sensible, which
are

are markes of the seale of our depravednesse.

Let a man then abhorre pleasures instead of accusing them, detest their vanity in lieu of complaining of their deceitfulnesse. But if they be criminall, they onely beare the staine of their Fathers, and if they be complices of our destruction, tis we give them Birth, to give us death.

Let men cease to lament of Fortune, since the Mirror of its flying scarfe, and wings expresse to the life its lightnesse, and our folly.

Let none Argue any more that the world is cause of our ruine, since we cannot chuse but tread every houre over the dust and ashes of those, who have too late repented to have followed it. As for voluptuousnesse, tis a vaine *Idea*, to which our passions give a body, to make it serve as a sensible object of their brutality, insomuch that it can do nothing, but by our first motions, taking its vigour from our force, and its power from our Soveraigntie, and this renders us doubly culpable, palliating our faults, instead of acknowledging them,

Pleasures are the greatest enemies of life, for in casting flowers upon our heads, they fill our hearts with thornes.

Fortune is still her selfe, he which trusts her, takes delight to be deceived.

*Pleasure still
takes its force
from our volun-
tary weakenesse.*

*'Tis more then
folly, when the
folly of others,
serves us not for
example.*

*Wee can no bet-
ter contemplate
any thing, then in
the Mirrour of
our Nothing.*

them, since laments, rather than excuses, might absolve us them.

Is it not that St. *Iohn Chrysostome* toucht with compassion of our miseries cries out in astonishment of our weakenesse: '*Oh World how many hast thou deceived!* but this is its trade and profession. *O Fortune how many hast thou made to fall!* but even yet still, while I am speaking, shee gives employment to her treason, and exercise to her Tyrannie. *O Pleasures confitted in Sweets, and yet steeped in bitterneffe, how many have yee poisoned!* but yet their venome is so common, that the whole earth is infected with it. What remedy then to all these ills? No other then this, to pry into ones selfe, in the M I R R O V R, of his owne Ashes, A M I R R O V R alwayes hanging at the Girdle, and which flatters not. A M I R R O V R whose glasse, though more brittle, then one of Crystall, makes us yet to see that all the objects of the World are false, but that of our Corruption, a Mirrour, which represents us more lively in our pourtraict, then in our selves, A Mirrour whose kind of shadow and Chimera makes us see in effect,

effect that which we are in appearance.

A *Mirroure* all miraculous, which preserves certaine Species's of nothing to render them sensible to our knowledge. A *Mirroure* all divine, which metamorphosing our bodies into shadows, yet expressees us so naturally, that the most arrogant cannot mistake themselves. A *Mirroure* lastly, which Nature hath charmed with it's owne proper spels, to the end, that vewing himselfe herein, a Man may be able to resist the charmes of the World's allurements.

I am greatly astonisht at those that preach us the Knowledge of our selves, to be so troublesome, and difficult, since that at all times, and in all places, of all sides and all sorts of fashions, wee are Nothing at all, or if by an excesse of flattery and vanity, I borrow some names to expresse truely what wee are, it can bee no other then those of durt and mire, whose noysomnesse takes away all doubt on it, from the most incredulous.

In what then consists this trouble of studying to know one's-selfe, since the most ignorant may in this, goe out

*All the Mirroures
of the World flatter,
except this
of our miseries.*

*If a man would
still study himselfe
he would become
the wisest of the
world.*

*Self-knowledge
anely diffi. ile to
the proud.*

*Humility is a skill
full Schoolema-
ster, to teach us
to know our selves*

*A man knowes
no more then hee
remembers.*

out Doctors in the schoole of our mi-
series : where lies the difficulty to ar-
rive to this knowledge ? when the very
wind of our sighes carries away, every
moment, some of that polluted dust,
whereof wee bee made. Where is this
paine, say I yet, since our senses and spi-
rits can have no other object, then this
of Inconstancy, as unseparable to their
nature, as it is proper to our condi-
tion. And what can bee this difficul-
ty, when we are capable of no action
more, then to destroy our selves ? We
must breake this rinde farther.

I will beleeeve that every one knowes
from whence he comes and whither he goes,
that his body is but a worke of rotten-
nesse, and that the wormes attend ther-
of the prey, as a nourishment which to
them is destinated : but it is important
to consider that these truths, though
sensible, are ofteneft put in oblivion,
and this default of memory denotes
that of knowledge. He which museth
upon his slighnesse, undervalueth (ex-
cept God) all things, and vanity would
never be able to surprise us, during the
interim of this meditation. Man knows
very

which flatters not

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very well that he is Mortall, but whilst he never thinkes seriously of the necessity of dying, this knowledge is forgot, though he dyewithout cease, and in loosing the remembrance of his condition, looses the knowledge therof.

Remember that you are a Man said his page every morning to *Philip of Macedon*. This great Monarch made himselfe to be rouzed every day from sleep, with the *Newes of Death*, fearing to be charmed with the *sweetes of Life*. Greatnesses environ him on all parts, to make him forget his humility, but understand you not the delicate Aire, which he causes to be sung to the tune of his miseries: the pompe and Magnificence of his riches dazle his eyes with their lustre, that he might never consider the wretchednesse which is proper to him. But you see how he makes himselfe to be awaked with the noyse of this truth, ever to cherish its remembrance: *Sir remember that you are a Man*; oh how many Mysteries are comprised in these wordes! behold the Allegory on't.

Great Kings remember you are subject to many more Miseries, then you have

The remembrance of Death makes us forget the vanities of Life.

The way to passe our dayes contentedly, is to think everyhoure of the last.

The remembrance of the poorennesse of Death, is a potent charme to resist the memory of greatnesse of Birth.

*If we be different
in manner of life,
we are all equal
in necessity of dy-
ing.*

have subjects in your Empire. *Great Monarchs remember* that of all the great extention of your *Territories* there shall not remaine you one onely foot, so jealous are the wormes of your glory. *Great Princes remember* that your Scepters and your Crownes, are such feeble *markes* of greatnesse, that fortune sports with them, Time mocks at them, and the Wind shall sweep away their Dust: *Soveraigne Judges of the Life of Men,* remember that although you are above the Lawes, *This* of Dying is inviolable.

*Caros and an-
ietes surpass in
number the plea-
sure of Kings.*

The *Fable* is pretty, of the resolution, which the flowers and plants took to elect a King and Queene, and as the number of Voyces gave the election, the *Marigold* was declared to bee the King of the Flowers, and the *Bryar* Queene of Plants, and under this toy lies hid serious verities.

Is there any thing fairer in all the borders of the Garden of Nature, then the flower of the *Marigold*? Its golden Tincture of the colour of the Sun, at first view dazeleth so delightfully; that the Eye amazedly gazing with ad-

admiration of its fresh-displayed beauty, can hardly retire its regards from an object so agreeable. But gather it, and dight it on you, and its sent produces a thousand disliks in the Mind, for that one onely, which you hold in your hand, for hente of a sūdaine the humours become dull, and melancholy having beene annoyed with so faire a fulsomnesse.

Royalty is absolutely the same: The Scepters are as fresh flowers of *Marigold*, whose lustre and beauty equally ravishing, attract at first glance to their admiration the Soule by the eyes; but if a Man take them into his graspe, or deck his head with them, hee shall find himselfe fill'd with anxious cares by this coverture. If you doubt of this, aske *Selenus*, hee will answer; That the first moment of his Raigne, was the last of his Quietnesse.

The Sweet-bryar also bore away the Royaltie; for who would not love it with its Rose? O how both together have powerfull attractives, to tempt equally, both the heart to de-

D

fire

*If Crownes and
Scepters were to
be sould, wise
men would never
buy them.*

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If Crownes and Scepters were to be sold, wise men would never buy them.

The Sweet-bryar also bore away the Royaltie; for who would not love it with its Rose? O how both together have powerfull attractives, to tempt equally, both the heart to de-

D

fire

*Thornes are the
Roses of Kings
gardens.*

*Great miseries are
destinated to
great fortunes.*

*The felicity of
Kings hath much
more lustre, then
Realty.*

fire them, and the hand to plucke them? And 'tis in vaine that Nature hath given armes to the jealousie of its prickles, to serve for the defence of its flowers; since these sharpes are as so many baits, which irritate us rather with *Desire* then *Feare*. All the world insert it in their nose-gayes; but the prickles remaine, the Rose withers.

Say we then also, that Royalty is a faire Sweet-bryar, accompanied with its Roses; I meane many contentments of the same nature. Both together have great charmes to affect us both with love and desire, but the Bryars of the Crowne remaine, the Rose of delights withers. O how ponderous is the load of this greatnesse? And if you beleeve not me, enquire hereof of the puissant King *Mithridates*, hee will often reiterate to you, *That he never sigh'd, but for the ponderous burden of his Crownes.*

**SIR, REMEMBER YOU ARE
A MAN.**

But what is there here to pride in? May it be of the greatnes of his Dominions?

nions? This is but an alien good, which admits not to be possess'd but by vanity, since its honours and pleasures have nothing else more in propriety. To be an amply landed-man, is to have miry soyle to sell, and small profit to make thence.

Sir remember you are a Man. What may be his ambition? may it be to conquer the whole world, what will he doe with it after conquest, since it is a Ball of snow, which Time melts by little and little, tumbling it without cessation.

Sir remember you are a Man. What might be his designs? Should hee pretend to Altars, and Temples, what oblations can be made to a Victime, whom Death holds continually at a bay? can Incense be offered to a Dunghill, or an Idoll made of a Sink? the very thought shockes common sense.

Sir, remember that you are a Man. What can hee doe with his absolute power? A little stone makes him stumble; a straw can blind him; a shadow, an *Atome*, a thing of nothing

Kings may trouble themselves to conquer the earth, it still triumphs over them.

He which makes himselfe to be adored, is rather fit to be Death's Vnflime then to be idolized.

Man is so miserable, that I am amaz'd to see pities not himselfe.

are capable to reduce him to nothing at all. And is not this an object of pity, rather then of envy? Great Kings, these are truths too important for you, to loose their remembrance.

Well may you out-brave the heavens with a bristling eye-brow; the onely imagination of its Thunder-claps, holds you already in alarme. Boldly may you tread vpon the Earth with a disdainfull foot; the Same whereof you are made, shall shortly be so troden, when the wormes are glutted with it. *Remember that you are Men*, and that all the objects of riches and honours which environ you, are of the same Nature as you are. You are dying every moment, and every thing falls away without cease.

When I represent to mind your heads, diadem'd with a rich Crowne, I conceive it a little point infirm'd and closed in a circumference, whose lines abut at the center of corruption, lines of magnificence, which terminate at the point of wretchednesse.

I have said to corruption, Thou art my father, and to the worme, thou art my mother and my sister.
Iob. 17. 14.

The head that wears the crowne, wears away with it.

which flatters not.

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If I consider you with Scepter in hand, me thinks I see a simple shrub, planted upon worser earth, the shrub dries up, and is reduced to dust, the ground remains that it was before.

Scepters and thy hands which hold them, are equally perishable.

Let me contemplate you seated upon your Thrones, deckt with your richest ornaments, my imagination shewes me a *Jupiter* in picture, holding the Thunder in his hand; for you are so weake for all your absolute power, that if you presume hardily to raise your head, but to looke upon the Sunne, your eyes will water at the same time, to expiate with your teares, the crime of your arrogance.

A strange thing that the clarity should blind us, though it be the principall of the view.

Great Kings, Remember then, that you are not *Great*, but in miseries. *Soveraigne Monarchs*, Remember, that your Empiredome is but a servitude, since you are subject to all the disasters of your subjects. Powerfull Princes, one gust of wind defies to the struggle your absolute power. *Sacred Majesties*, I salute you to day by this name: but to morrow I will change termes, and call you *Skelitons* and carkasses, to the end that in spea-

All the attributes of worldly glory accompany us but to the grave.

D 2

king

king this truth, all the world may know you, I will change my tone.

How ingenious are the Poets in their fancies? They recount us, how that Inconstancy being banisht from heaven, descended upon earth, with designe to have her picture drawne, and upon the refuse, that Painters made of it, shee addrest herselfe to Time, who after he had considered her in all her diversities, made use at last of the visage of Man for the finishing cloth, wherein having represented her to the life, all the world tooke her for Man himselfe, since in effect 'tis but one and the same thing. O faire truth discovered by a fable.

He then that now would see the Image of Inconstancy, let him consider the Life-touches and lineaments of it, upon his owne visage. Our fore-head which wrinkles every moment, is it not the very same as hers? Our Eyes, which by continuall use every houre, doe already require spectacles, are they not as hers? Our cheekes which now chap-fall are in nothing different from hers. In fine our visages are

*Man serves for
shuttle-cocke to
all things, since
all things concur
to his ruine.*

*Man is Incon-
stancy it selfe, ra-
ther then its
povvraile.*

are the onely *MIRROURS*
WHICH FLATTER NOT?

But what shall we answer notwithstanding to the objection of this truth, that, that which we see of *MAN*, is not the *MAN*. If his visage like a false Horologe index false, this our pourtrait of Inconstancy is meerely imaginary:

*Though a Man
hides himselfe
under the vayle
of hypocrisie, his
defects alwayes
break through.*

But is there any thing more inconstant then the spirit of Man? 'tis a weather-cocke for all winds, behold againe the first draughts of the visage of Inconstancy; must wee not of necessity compare his changing humour to hers, if a man would exhibit thereof but one example; and these are yet new lineaments, which represent us this levity. In fine, his thoughts, his desires, and all the passions of his mind, are but objects of vicissitude, capable of all sorts of impressions: so that in the perfection of the portraiture of Man, Inconstancy is found perfectly depainted. Let us proceed.

*The spirit of Man
is much more
changing, then his
body, for this
changes onely in
growing old, but
that grows o d
onely in changing.*

The fictions of Poets are yet serious enough, to serve us often for suffici-

*Virtue onely can
render us invul-
nerable.*

*A vertuous Man
feares nothing.*

*Every Man
would be immor-
tall, but none
takes paine to
acquire immorta-
lity.*

*'Tis onely the con-
science of a iust
Man is of prooffe,
against the stroke
of Time and For-
tune.*

ent entertaine of the time. 'Tis they which tell us of one *Achilles*, immortal in all the parts of his body, save onely his heele.

Great Kings, I will, if you please, take you for *Achilles's*, and will give out you are like him, invulnerable, but onely in the heele. But of what temper soever your Armes be, to what purpose serve they you with this defect? This onely blot duskes the luster of your glory. Nature has done surely well, to prodigallize upon you thus, both her graces and favours; she hath immortaliz'd you but by halfe. All your apparences are divine, but something within spoiles all, each particular is a heele, by which Death may surprize you.

Shall I say then that you are *Achilles's*, who will belceve me, since your heads serve but as Buts to the shafts of Fortune? To preach you invulnerable, a small scratch may thereon give me the lye. Truth more powerfull then flattery constraines me to call you by your name, for in remembrancing you that you are but Men,

I suggest you to the life all the disasters, which accompany your Life.

Thou hast much to doe, to make Panegyricks in praise of Man, O *Mercury Trimegistus*, and to maintaine so confidently, that he is a great Miracle, it must be then a Miracle of misery, since Nature produceth nothing so miserable as he is.

And thou *Pythagoras*, which hast had the fore-head to perswade us, that Man was a mortall God, if thou hadst made Anatomie of his carkasse, the stench of his filth, had soone made thee change this language. *Plato* thou reason'st well upon this subject, yet without sound consideration, then when with an enforcement of spirit and eloquence, thou wouldst oblige us to beleewe, that Man is of the race of the Gods: yes surely, since thy Gods are Gods of earth, the cause is matcht to the effect, for Man is of the same matter. *Plotinus*, thou also did'st not misse it, when in favour of Man, thou said'st he was an abridgement of the wonders of the world, for since all it's wonders heretofore so fa-

Man is so poore a thing, that one cannot give him a name but is advantageous to him.

There is no Tongue in Nature which can furnish us with termes strong enough to expresse the miseries of Man.

mous are no more but dust and ashes, Man may hereof be the example with good reason.

O how much more is expert *David* in the knowledge of our condition, when he compares Man, not onely to the Dust, but to the Dust which flies away, to show us, that, that little which he is still, flies away till it be nothing in the end.

But how glad am I O Lord, that I am but Dust, to the end that I may flie towards heaven, for the earth I under-valew. How I am satisfied that I am but *Ashes*, that I may but be able to keepe in my soule some little sparkle of thy love. What glory, and what contentment too, is it to be devoured by wormes, since thou callest thy selfe a *worme*? gnaw O Lord, gnaw both my heart and intrals. I offer thee them in prey, and regive me new ones, that may offend thee no more. I know well that my life flits away by little and little, but how agreeable is this flight unto me, since thou art its object. I see well that my *Dayes* slide away, and passe in continuall course.

But

Memento ho-
mo quod nihil
es, & in nihi-
lum reverteris.

Ego sum ver-
mis & non ho-
mo.
Psal. 22. 6.

But O what consolation is it to be sensible of dying at all houres, for to live eternally ? O Verities, againe, what ravishments have you to console the soules of the most afflicted ? I returne to my subject.

Wee reade of the Priests of the Gentiles, that they writ letters every yeere to their Gods, upon the Ashes of the Sacrifices, which they made upon the top of Mount *Olympus*, and I beleeve that this was upon designe, that they might thus be better received, being written upon this paper of humility. Let us fetch now some truth from this fancy. Let us write every day to heaven, upon the paper of our Ashes, confessing that we are nothing else, and let us make our sighs the faithfull messengers of these letters, as the onely witnesses of our hearts. I will hide my selfe under the *Ashes*, O Lord, to the end that thy Justice may not see me, said *David*. What Curtaine's this ? This Sovereigne Justice which makes it bright day in hell, cannot pierce the *Ashes* to find underneath a Sinner.

No,

*Humility is ever
honoured by all
the world.*

*All the parts of
the body are as so
many Characters
of aust, wherein
may be read the
truth of our no-
thingnesse.*

*Seeſt thou how
Ahab humbleth
himſelfe.*

*I will not bring
the euill in his
dayes*

1 Kings 21. 29.

*Recordare
quæſo, quod
ſicut argillam
fecisti me & in
pulverem redu-
ces me.*

Iob 10. 9.

*Humility
triumphs over all
things.*

*Man remember
thy beginning, for
thou art not made
of Fire like the
ſlaves, nor of*

No, no, for this vaile has the vertue to reflect the beames of this revenging light within the source, which produced them.

Remember that I am nothing, O Lord, and that thou haſt made me of nothing, and every moment canſt reduce me to ſomething leſſe then nothing; cries out *Iob*, in his miſeries. He finds no other invention to appeaſe the mild choller of his God, then putting him in mind of his infinite greatneſſe, and at the ſame time of the pitifull eſtate, whereunto he is reduced. Why ſhould you take Armes againſt me, O Lord, (pursues he) when the breath of your word is able to undoe the ſame, which it hath made me, *Remember, O Remember*, that I am but what the benigne influence of your divine regards permits me to be, for on the inſtant that you ſhall ceaſe to regard me, I ſhall ceaſe to live.

Decke we then with Aſhes our Body of Duſt, and let us cover with a new earth our owne, to make Rampiers of prooſe againſt the thunders

of

of heaven. See you not how its all-powerfull Justice, finds limitation in the confession of our being nothing. We need feare nothing, acknowledging that we are nothing. Well may the thunder make a horrid rumbling, yet the Hyssope out-braves it in its lowlinesse. Feare and Humility ever abandon each others company. The onely meanes to triumph over all things, is to vanquish Ambition.

O Lord, I durst scarce beleieve, that I am, if thy providence alone were not the Prop of my Being. But since thy goodnesse hath drawne me from the Abyss of Nothing; let thy grace cause me alwayes to keepe the remembrance of my originall. Before Time was, I was Nothing; now Time is, I am yet Nothing. But what happiness is it to be Nothing at all, since thou art All-things? for if I search my selfe in vaine in my selfe, is it not sufficient that I am found in thee? I will then forget even mine own name, and muse of nothing, but of the Chimera of my being, since as a Chimera, it passeth away and vanisheth. The onely

Ayre like the winds, but of mure, from whence it is thou soyl'st all the world.

He which can overcome himselfe shall never be vanquish't by a greater Captain.

*What a joy is it
to passe away con-
tinually with all
things, towards
him that hath
created all things?*

*Heaven changes
the sighs of the
Earth into teares,
I meane its va-
pours into dew.*

*Since we are of
Earth, let us suf-
fer this divine
Sun of Love, to
exhale the va-
pours of our si-
hs, for to metamor-
phose them into
the teares of Re-
pentance.*

onely consolation, that remaines me in my passage, is that thou alone remainest firme and stable, so that without end thou art the end of my careere, and without bounds limitest the extent of my course, as the onely object, both of my rest and felicity. See me now upon returne.

With what and ever to be adored lustre, appears the love of God in his day, in the work of Man? Would not one say, that it seemes hee made him of earth, that hee might strow thereon, the seedes both of his blessings and graces! O fortunate Earth, which being diligently cultured, may bring forth the fruits of eternall happiness!

Boast thy selfe O Man, to be Nothing but Earth, since the heaven bedewes the Earth continually. But if with a provoked eye, it lancheth out, sometimes its thunders upon it, her selfe doth afford hereof the matter. Live alwayes Innocent, and thou shalt not know what 'tis to feare. Imploy thy selfe without cease, to measure the depth of the Abyss of thy nothingness.

thingnesse; and though thou never pierce to the bottome hereof, thy paines shall not be unprofitable, because seeking thy selfe in thy basenesse, thou shalt alwayes recover thy selfe againe much greater then thou art.

The *Sunne*, this faire Planet of the *Day*, which with a continuall aspect, contemplates all created things, cannot make reflexion of his beames to see himselfe, as if his mother Nature had apprehended in making him so glorious; that the Mirrour of his light, might not be metamorphosed into a fire of love, to render him amorous of his owne proper lustre.

But the *Intellect*, this *Sunne* of our *Soules*, has a faculty with which it can both contemplate out of it selfe all things, and repeale againe the same power to consider it selfe, which makes a Man capable, not onely of the Meditation of the miseries of the World, but also of that of the afflictions and troubles, which inseparably keeps him company to the grave.

We reade of *Moses*, that God commanded

We are all amorous of our selves, not knowing for what, for our defects are objects rather of hate then Love.

A Man cannot stumble ordinarily, but through perversnesse, since Reason enlightens him in the very worst wayes.

* The Laver
which was before
the Tabernacle.
Exod. 38. 8.

There is nothing
assured in Life,
but is continuall
Death.

*Tis not sufficient
to misme of the
necessity of dying,
but to consider al-
so that every
houre may be our
Last.

manded him to frame the * fore-front of the Tabernacle all of Mirrours, to the end, that those that should present themselves before his Altar, might view themselves, in this posture of Prayer. O this excellent Myserie ! Mortals, it behooves you to view your selves in the *Mirroure* of your Ashes, if you would have your vows heard.

God hath taught us an excellent way of Prayer, *Give us this day our daily bread.* But why O Lord, teachest thou us not to aske thee our bread for to *Morrow*, as well as for to day ? O how good a reason is there hereof ! This is because that life hath no assurance of to-morrow ; besides that it is an excessse of grace, that wee may be bold to crave of him, the bread of our nourishment for all a whole day, since every moment may be That of our Death. Reader, let this verity serve thee yet as a *Mirroure*, if thou wouldest have thy prayers to pierce the heavens. This is not all, to know thy body is a Colosse of filth, which is traile along from one place to another

ther, as it were by the last struggle of a Life alwayes languishing. It behooves thee also to call to mind, that every instant may terminate the course of thy troublesome carriere; and that this suddaine retreat, con- strains thee to bid Adieu for ever to all the things of the world, which thou cherishedst most. Thoughts onely worthy of a noble spirit!

I have eaten Ashes as bread, sayes the Royall Prophet; but how is it possible? I conceive his thought. He entertained his soule with the remembrance of the Ashes of his body, and this truth alone serv'd as object to his imagination, for to satisfie the appetite of his Soule. Lord give me both the same relish and desire, to repast my selfe still thus, of Dust and Ashes, in remembrancing my selfe alwayes, that I am nothing else. O sweet remembrance of my rottennesse, since it feeds me for eternall nourishment of my Soule! O precious memorie of my Nothingnesse, since able to satisfie the appetite of my heart! Let this be *the daily bread*, O Lord, which thou

E

hast

Psa. 102.9.
Cinerem tan-
quam panem
manducabam.

*A man to abase
himselfe below
that which he is,
being so poore a
thing of nothing.*

Si vitrei esse-
mus, minus ca-
sus timeremus.
S. Aug.

*There is nothing
more brittle than
glasse, yet man is
more.*

*Man is f. lly mi-
serable, since his
life is the source
of his miseries.*

hast taught me to aske thee, to the end, that all my desires together might be satiated with this deare nourishment. I recolle& my selfe in this digression.

Having diverse times mused of the imbecillity and weaknesse of *Man*, I am constrain'd to cry out with St. *Augustin*, What is there that can be more fraile in Nature? If we were of Glasse (pursues hee) our condition might therein be better, for a Glasse carefully preserv'd, may last long time, and yet what paine somever *Man* takes to preserve himselfe, and under what shelter somever, hee throwds himselfe, for covert to the storme, hee breakes and is shattered of himselfe.

What reply you to these verities, *Great Princes*? Well may you now be arrogant: The fragilitie of Glasse cannot admit of comparison, with this of your nature; what seat will you give to your greatnesse? and what foundation to your vanity? when the wind alone of your sighs, may shipwracke you upon the Sea.

Sea of your owne proper teares? what surnames will you take upon you, for to make you be *mis-taken*? That of *Immortall* would become you ill, since every part of your body, serves but as a *But* to the shaftes of *Death*, *Invincible*, would also be no way proper, since upon the least touch of mishap, you are more worthy of pity, then capable of defence. Would you be called *Gods*? your Idolaters would immolate you to their owne laughter. Tread under foot your Crownes, if rightly you will be crowned with them, you onely thus render your selves worthy of those honours, which you misprize: for Glory consists not in the possessing it, but in the meriting; and the onely means to obtaine it, is to pretend nothing at all to it.

How remarkeable is the custome of the *Locrians* at the Coronation of their Kings: They burnt before them a handfull of Tow, to represent unto them the instability of their *grandeurs*, and the greedinesse of Time to destroy them. In effect, all the great-

A man may doe every thing with vertue, without it nothing

Heaven cannot be acquired, but by the misprize of earth.

*All the grandeur
of Kings is but as
the blaze of flamm-
ing tow.*

*He which esteems
himselfe the least
of all, is the
greatest.*

nesses of the Earth, are but as a bundle of Tow; and then when *Darius* would make of them his treasure, Mis-hap set fire on them, and reduced 'em into Cinders, and when hee had yet in his heart a desire to immortalize them, a new fire seaz'd his intrals, by the heat of thirst, which burn'd him to the end to consume at once, both the cause, and the effect. So true it is, that the Glory of the world vanisheth away like *Smoke*. *Great Kings*, if you build a Throne of Majestie to the prooffe, both against Time and Fortune, lay its foundation upon that of your miseries. *Humility* takes her rise in lowlinesse, from the lowest footing, when she makes her flight into the heavens.

O how admirable is the *Humility* of Saint *Iohn Baptist*! They would give him titles of Sovereignty, in taking him for the *Messias*: but call to your Memory, how with an ejaculation of Love and reverence, hee precipitates himselfe both with heart and thought into the Abyffe of his owne Nothingnesse, there to admire in all humilitie.

mility, both Greatnesse and Majesty in his Throne. *I am but a voyce*, sayes hee, which beat at the eares to enter into your hearts.

A Voyce, which rustles in a moment, and passes away at the same instant; *What Humility!* Is there any thing which is lesse any thing then a *Voyce*? 'Tis a puffe of wind, which a fresh one carries I know not where, since both lose themselves in the ayre, after its ne're so little agitation, with their gentle violence. 'Tis nothing in effect, yet notwithstanding, the proper name of this great Prophet. They would elevate him, and he abaseth himselfe so low, that he would render himself invisible as a *Voyce*, so much he fears to be taken for him, whose shooe-latchet, he judgeth himself unworthy to unloose.

Lord, what are we also, but a little Wind enclosed in a handfull of Earth? to what can one compare us, without attributing us too much vanity. True it is, that we are the works of thy hands, but all other created things beare the same Title, but if thy bounty hath beene willing to ad-

Vox clamantis
in deserto
Iohn 1. 23.

Christus ver-
bum, Iohannes
vox.

Iohn 1. 27.

*A man is to be
estimated in pro-
portion to the un-
divalue he
makes of himself*

*The most just
man sinneth se-
ven times a day.*

*What is't for a
man to triumph
here of the mo'd?
the earth expects
his spyle.*

vantage our nature with many graces, proper and ordinated to it alone, these are so many witnesses, which convince us, not to have deserv'd them, since our very Ingratitude is yet a Recognizing of this Truth. In-
somuch that as our Life is nothing but sinne, and sinne is a meere priva-
tion, it may be maintained that wee are nothing else, and consequently no-
thing at all.

But how Proud am I, O Lord, every time I thinke thou hast created me of Earth, for this is a Principall, which drawes me alwayes to it selfe, by a right of propriety; from whence I cannot defend my selfe. *All things seeke their repose in their element.* O how happy am I, to search mine in that of *Dust* and *Ashes*, whereof thou hast formed me? The *Earth* demands my *Earth*, and my body as a little Guller, separated from its source, speeds by little and little, to the same source, from whence it had its beginning. And this is that which impeaches me from gathering up my selfe, to take a higher flight. I should doe bravely,

to

*Pride boyes up,
only to give a fall.*

*A man no doubt
may misknow
himselfe, yet the
least bit of mis-
hap teares the
vail of his hood-
wink'nesse.*

to hoysse my selfe above my Center,
when the assay of my Vanity, and the
violence of my fall, are but the same
thing. I give still downewards upon
the side of my weakenesses, and the
weight of my miseries, overbeares
upon the arrogance of my Ambition.
O happy defect, and yet more happy
the condition, which holds me al-
wayes enchained to the dunghill of
my Originall, since the links of this
easie servitude, are so many *Mirroures*
which represent me that I am no-
thing, whensoever I imagine my
selfe to be something. Let us change
our Tone, without changing sub-
ject.

*Ladyes, Remember that you dye every
houre, behold, here a MIRROR
WHICH FLATTERS NOT.*

It shewes you both what you are, and
such as you shall be. But if notwith-
standing, you still admire your selves
under an other visage, full of allure-
ments, and sweets. This is but *Death*
himselfe, who hides him under these
faire apparences, to the end you may
not discern him. It is true, you have

*A strange thing
that death is still
as neare us, as
life, and yet wee
never thinke on't.*

gracefull Tresses of haire which cover your heads, and his is all Bald, but do not you heed, how hee pulls them off from yours by little every day, and makes those which he leaves you, to turne White, to the end you may pull them out your selves?

It is true, your *Eyes* have a sparkling lustre, and beauty; but of his is seene onely the hideous place, where Nature had seated them: But doe you not consider, how with continuall action, hee Dusks the glory of this beauty; and in conclusion, puts to Eclipse these imaginary Pety-Suns.

*Time and Death
are the onely in-
exorables.*

It is true, your hue is of Lillyes, and your mouth of Roses, upon his face is seene onely the stubs of these flowers: but call to mind, that he blasts this Lilly-teint, as well as Lillyes themselves; and that the vermillion of this Rosie-mouth lasts but as Roses; and if yet you differ to day from him in some thing, you may resemble him to-morrow in all. I leave you to meditate of these Truths.

Man is a true Mirrour, which represents to the naturall all things, which
are.

are oppos'd unto it. If you turne it downward to the Earth, we can see within nothing but objects of *Dust* and *Ashes*: but if you turne him to the Heavens-ward, there is to be admired in it beauties, and graces purely celestiall. In effect, if we consider *Man* in his mortall and perishable condition, hardly can one find any stay in this consideration, since hee is nothing else but a *Chimera*, whose forme every Moment, by little and little destroys, to reduce it to its first nothing. And indeed, not to lye to ye, *Man*, is but a Puffe of Wind, since he lives by nothing else, is filled with nothing else, and dyes onely by Privation of it. But if you turne the Medall (I would say) the *Mirroure* of his Soule towards his Creator, there are seen nothing but Gifts of Immortality, but graces of a Sovereigne bounty, but favours of an absolute Will. The heavens and the Stars appeare in this Crystalline *Mirroure*, not by reflection of the object, but by a divine vertue proceeding from the Nature of his Cause. Let us to the End.

Man is as one picture with two faces, and often the most naturall is falsest.

Man is nothing in himselfe, yet comprehends all things.

What though man be made of earth; he is more divine than mortall.

*The slumber of
vanities is a mor-
tall malady to the
soule.*

*A man should
not forget his bea-
uenty beginning,
having heaven
for a daily object.*

Me thinks *This Page* returns againe
to day within the Chamber of *Philip*
of *Macedon*, and drawing the *Cur-
taine*, cryes out according to his or-
dinary.

*Sir, Awake, and Remember that you
are a Man*: but why rouzes hee him to
thinke of *Death*, since sleepe is its
image *Alexander* knew himsele mor-
tall by his sleeping; and in effect those
which have said, that sleepe was the
Brother of *Deash*, have drawne their
reason of it, from their reciprocall
resemblance. *Awake then Great Kings*;
Not to ponder that you are mortall,
your sleepe is a trance of this, but ra-
ther that you are created for immor-
tality. *Remember you are Men*. I will
not say, subject to all the miseries of
the *Earth*; but rather capable of all
the felicities of heaven. *Remember, that
you are Men*. I will not say the shittle-
cocke of Time, and the But to all the
shafts of Fortune, but rather victors
over ages, and all sorts of miseries. *Re-
member that you are Men*; I will not say
any more Conceiv'd in Corruption;
brought forth by it, and also destroy-
ed

ed by it: But rather, I say, born for the glory of God, *Living* for to acquire it, and *Dying* for to possesse it. Remember that you are Men, I will say no more slaves of *Sinne*, the *Flesh*, and the *World*: but rather free for resistance to the first, strong enough to vanquish the next, and more powerfull yet to give a Law to the third: Remember that you are men, I will no more say the portrait of Inconstancy, the object of every sort of ill, and the pasture of Wormes: But rather the Image of God, the subject of every sort of good, and the sole aliment of eternity, as created for it alone. Remember that you are men, I will not say made of clay, animated with mis-hap, and metamorphosed a new into rottenesse; but rather made by the proper hand of God, animated by his bounty, and redeemed by his Grace.

I wonder at this, that they should call man a little world, since the least of his thoughts is able to signe out it's expansion beyond a thousand worlds. True it is that he was made of Earth, but the Master which hath made him, having also drawne himselfe in the middle of his

If a man should consider his worth by that which he cost, hee would love himselfe perfectly.

A man may doe every good thing which hee desires, since in his impuissance his will is taken for the deed.

Man is sure a thing something divine, which is not scene even to it selfe.

Though hee be made of clay, the workmanship is yet all divine.

his worke(as did *Phidias*)renders him, more admirable than the Heavens. One might also judge at first view, that the greatest part of the creatures have many more Prerogatives then he. But contrarily the heavens, the Stars, and all that nature hath most precious, have in no sort correspondence or equivalence to his grandeurs: let us see the prooffe on't.

I grant that the Sea may make us admire equally both it's vastnesse of Empire, and efficacy of power, the least teare of repentance which a Man sheds is a thousand times more admirable, since it remounts even to the source of that grace, which product it, and consequently beyond the Heavens. I grant that the Aire fills all, and it's immense nature permits no vacuity, through the whole universe. The heart of man carries him farre higher, being never able to find satisfaction in it's desires, if it's Creators-selfe, though without measure, be not its measure. Let the Fire alwayes greedy and ambitious, scale the heavens in apparence with continual action by the vain attempts of its ejaculations; The least sparckle of the fire of
divine

*The heart of man
is so vast, and
spacious, that
God onely can fill
it.*

vine love wherewith man may be enflamed is so pure and so noble, that one can not conceive an example of its perfection. Suppose the transparent heavens have no matter, then that of other forme, and they render themselves thus wonderfull in their simplicity, as in their course still equall, and still continuall: the spirit of man is infinitely more excellent in its nature, and much more noble also in its actions, since it workes without selfe-motion, but with a manner so divine, that its thoughts carry it every where without change of state or place. Bee it that the Sun all marvellous in himselfe, and his effects produceth nothing but wonders. The Sun of reason, wherewith man is illuminate, is wholly miraculous, since it operates in a divine temblable manner: the vertue of other creatures vegetable, and sensitive is inseparably adioyned also to the body of man, as its materiall: Insomuch that he contains in a degree of eminence above all the creatures of the world, more perfections himselfe alone, then all they together have ever possessed.

Anl

A man who loves God with all his heart, lives upon earth in the same fashion, as they live in heaven.

The reason of man is a ray beaming from the Sunne of Divinity.

Man hath some titles of Nobility, to which the very Angels themselves cannot pretend.

And I shall well say more yet. That Man hath certaine puissances of disposition to eleuate himself so high in his humility, that the Angels shall be below him.

*If man were a-
gaine to bee sold,
who could rau-
some him as bee
cost?*

But if I shall yet moreover poize Man, in the ballance of the Crosse of his Saviour, and set him at the price of the blood, wherewith hee was redeemed, which of the creatures, or rather, which of the Angels, will be so bold, to dispute the preeminence?

*A man makes
himselfe above all
things, if hee vn-
deralue them
with misprize.*

Great Kings Remember then, that you are Men: but more admirable in your governments, then the *Sea* in its vastnesse. *Remember that you are Men,* but also capable to purifie the *Ayre*, by one onely sigh, though even that sigh be made of nothing else. *Remember that you are Men,* but a thousand, thousand times yet more noble then the *Fire*, since the Seraphins burne incessantly with those divine *Fires*, wherewith your hearts may bee enflamed. *Remember that you are Men:* but more perfect then the *Heavens*, since they were not created, but to powre upon
your

heads their benigne influences, Remember that you are Men, but more marvellous without comparison, then the Sunne; since your Reason is a divine light, which can never suffer Eclipse, but by opposition from a voluntary depravednesse. Remember that you are Men: but also destin'd to command over all other living creatures. Remember that you are Men: but also kneaded as it were, by the hand of one All-powerfull, formed after his Image, and redeemed by his blood, what can one say more?

Unto what a point of Glory hast thou then elevated me, O sweet Saviour? in abasing thy selfe even to the grave. After thou hadst formed me of earth, thou hast also taken the same forme for to resemble me in all things. Thou I say, O my God, whose infinite greatnesse, cannot admit onely the very admiration of the Seraphins, but through the Traverse of the Vaile of their ordinary submissions. What prodigie of bounty is this! Cause me then O Lord, if it please thee, that I may estimate my selfe at the price,
which

*Man is an a-
bridgement ra-
ther of the mar-
vels of heaven,
than of the mira-
cles of earth.*

*If a man did of-
fer a muse of the
end, for which he
was created, hee
would therein see
up his rest for all
the inquietudes
of the world.*

which thou hast ransomed me for,
and that in such sort, that I may live
no more, but in loving thee, to dye
also one day of the same disposition.
Let me be *humbly-haughty*, carrying
the lineaments of thy resemblance,
that I may alwayes follow thee,
though not able to imitate thee.
This is that, which I will continually
implore thee for, untill thou hast
heard my vowes.

*The magnificence
of man hath nei-
ther bounds nor
limits, since God is
his end.*

I advow now, O *Mercurie Trimegi-
stus*, that thou hast reason to publish,
that *Man is a great miracle*, since God
himselfe hath been willing to espouse
his condition, to shew us in its mise-
ries the miracles of his Love.

*Though a man
still fade away,
hee is yet a lively
pourtroy of im-
mortallitie.*

I confesse *Pythagoras*, that thou
hast had no lesse ground to maintaine
that *Man was a mortall God*, since ex-
cept this sweet necessitie, which sub-
jects him to the Tombe, hee has a
thousand qualities in him all immor-
tall. I should finally have beene of
advise with thee *Plato* then, when thou
preachedst, every where, that Man
was of the race of the Gods, since a
piece of work so rare, and so perfect,
could

could not proceed but from a hand Omnipotent, I meane this Rivelet of admiration could not proceed but from a source most adorable. I am of thy opinion *Plotinus*, & henceforth will maintaine every where with thee, that *Man* is an abridgement of the wonders of the world: Since that all the Univers together was created but for his service, & pleasure. Say we yet moreover, that those wonders of the world, so renowned, are but the workes of his hands; so that also the actions of his spirit can take their Rise above the Sun, and beyond the heavens, and this too now in the chaines of its servitude.

All the creatures are admirable, as the effects of a soveraigne and independant cause: but man has attributes of an unparallel'd glory.

Great Kings, Be it supposed that you are living pourtraits of Inconstancy: The perfection of your Nature lyes in this defect of your powers, for this Vicissitude, which God hath rendered inseparable to your condition, is a pure grace of his bounty: since you wax old onely, that you may be exempted from the tyranny of Ages: since (Isay) you dye every moment, only to make acquisition of that immortallity, to which his love has destin'd you,

Man flies away by little & little, from one part of himselfe, that hee may entirely into himselfe.

This defect of inconstancie, is the perfection of man; since he is changeable to day to bee no more so to morrow.

A man is onely happy in the perpetuall inconstancie of his condition.

The greatest miserie that can arrive to a man, is to offend God,

O happy Inconstancy! if in changing without cease, we approach the point of our soveraigne felicity, whose foundations are immoveable. *O deare Vicissitude!* if frowling without intervall in the dust of our originall, wee approach by little and little, to those Ages of glory, which beyond all time assigne at our End, the beginning of a better Carreere. *O Glorious Death,* since terminated at that cruell instant, which separates us from Immortality.

It is true, I confesse it againe, *Great Kings,* that you are subject to all the sad accidents of your subjects; But what happinesse is it, if these misfortunes are as so many severall wayes, which conduct you into the Port. Be it granted, that you are nothing but Corruption in your Birth, Miserie in your Life, and a fresh infection in your Death: All these truths are as so many attributes of honour to you, since you disroabe your selves in the grave of all your noisomnesse, for to Decke your selves with the ornaments of Grace, of felicity and glory, which belongs

belong in proper to your soules, as being created for the possession of all these Good Things.

Who can be able to dimension the greatnesse of *Man*; since he who hath neither bounds nor limits, would himselfe be the *circumference* of it? Would you have some knowledge of *Mans* power? heare the commandement which *Iosuah* made to the Sunne, to stop in the middest of his carriere. Would you have witnesses of his strength, *Samson* presents you all the *Philistins* buried together under the ruines of the Temple, whose foundations he made to totter. Require you some assurances of his courage? *Iob* offers you as many as he has sores upon his body. In fine, desire you some proofes of his happinesse. Heaven has fewer of Starres, then of felicities to give him. What name then shall we attribute him now, that may be capable to comprehend all his glory? There is no other then this of *Man*; and *Pilate* did very worthily (no doubt) to turne it into mockage before the Jewes; hee shews them a God under the visage of

Heaven, 'Earth, Nature, the very Divels are admirers of the greatnesse of man.

Man may bee whatsoever hee will be,

Ioan 19. 5.

Eccchomo. Behold the Man.

The name *Man*
is now much
more noble than
that of *Angels*.

With what
new rinds some-
ever a man bee
covered, he beares
still in his fore-
head the markes
of his Creator.

Hee that would
alwayes muse of
Eternitie, would
without doubt,
acquire its glory.

a *Man*. Let the world also expose the miseries of *Man* in publicke ; His Image of Earth is yet animated with a divine spirit, which can never change Nature. Well may they teare his barke, the *Inmate* of it is of prooffe against the strokes of Fortune, as well as the gripes of *Death*. The *Man* of Earth may turne into Earth ; but the *Man* of heaven takes his flight alwayes into heaven. That *Man* I say, fickle and inconstant, kneaded and shap't from durt, with the water of his owne teares may resolve, into the same matter : But this stable and constant *Man*, created by an omnipotent hand, remains uncessantly the same, as incapable of alteration.

Rouse then your selves from sleepe great *Princes*, not for to remember *Death*, but rather to represent unto your selves that you are immortall, since *Death* hath no kind of Dominion over your Soules, which make the greatest, as being the Noblest part of you.

Awake then great *Monarchs*, not for to Muse of this necessity, which drawes you every houre to the Tombe: but rather

rather to consider, that you may exempt your selves from it, if your Actions be but as sacred as your Majesties.

Great *PRINCES* Awake, and permit mee once more to remembrance You that you are *Men*, I meane the Master-pieces of the workes of God; since this divine worke-Master hath in conclusion metamorphosed himselfe into his owne worke, My feathered pen can fly no higher.

Those which have propounded that Man was a new world, have found out proportionable relations, and great correspondencies of the one to the other, for the *Earth* is found in the matter whereof hee is formed, the *Water* in his teares, the *Aire* in his sighes, the *Fire* in his Love, the *Sunne* in his reason, and the *Heavens* in his imaginations. But the *Earth* subsists and he vanisheth, O Sweet vanishment! since he is lost in himselfe, that he may bee found in his Creator, But the *Earth* remains firme, and his dust flies away: O happy flight, since eternity it's ayme! The *Water*, though it fleets away, yet returns the same way, and retorts upon it's own

Man is a hidden treasure, whose worth God only knowes.

Man only is the ornament of the world.

*Man may be sayd
to be happy in be-
ing subject to all
mishaps.*

*Death is a grace
rather than a
paine.*

*The felicitie of
man in this world
consists in the ne-
cessity of death.*

paces : But Man contrarily being set-
led upon the declining stoop of his ru-
ine, rould insensibly without intervall to
the grave, his prison. O deare ruine!
O sweet captivity! since the soule re-
covers her freedome, and this Sepul-
ture serves but as a Furnace to purifie
his body. The *Aire*, although it cor-
rupt, is not for all that destroyed, the
corruption of Man destroyes its mate-
riall. O glorious destruction, since it
steades him as a fresh disposition to
render him immortall. The *Fire*, though
it fairely devoure all things, is yet pre-
served still it selfe, to reduce all the
World into *Ashes*: But Man perceives
himself to be devoured by Time, with-
out ability ever to resist it. Oh bene-
ficiall Impotence, since hee findes his
Triumph in his overthrow! the Sunne
causeth alwayes admiration in its or-
dinary lustre, but Mans reason is im-
paired in the course of Times. Oh wel-
come impairement, since Time ruines
it but onely in an Anger, knowing that
it goes about to establish its Empire,
beyond both time and Ages. In fine,
the Heavens may seem to wax old in
their

their wandering course: they yet appear the same still every day, as they were a thousand yeeres a'gon: Man from moment to moment differs from himselfe, and every instant disrobes him somewhat of his Bbeing. Oh delightfull Inconstancy, since all his changes make but so many lines, which abut at the Center of his stability.

How mysterious is the Fable of *Narcissus*; the Poets would perswade us, that Hee became selfe-enamoured, viewing Himselfe in a Fountaine. But I am astonish't, how one should become amorous of a dunghill, though covered with Snow or Flowers. A face cannot be formed without *Eyes*, *Nose*, and *Mouth*, and yet every of these parts make but a body of Misery, and Corruption as being all full of it.

This Fable intimates us the representation of a fairer truth, since it invites a Man to gaze himselfe in the Fountaine of his teares, thus to become amorous of himselfe, not for the lineaments of dust and ashes, whereof his countenance is shap't, but rather of those beauties and graces, wherewith

*How happy is
man in decaying
evermore
since he thus at
last renders him-
selfe exempt
from all the mis-
eries which pursue
him.*

*A long life is a
heavie burthen
to the soule, since
it must render an
account of all its
moments.*

If a man could
cōtemplate the
beauties of his
soule in innocēce
he would alwaies
be surpris'd with
his love.

If a man would
often view him-
selfe in the teares
of his repentance,
he would soon be-
come a true self-
lover.

All the vaine ob-
jects of the world
are so many foun-
taines of Narcis-
sus, wherein
prying men may
so peracke them-
selves.

his soule is ornamented, and all these together make but a rivelet, which leads him to the admiration of that source from whence they tooke their originall.

Oh how *David* was a wise *Narcissus*! then when hee made of his Teares a *Mirroure*, so to become enamour'd of himselfe, for he was so selfe-loving in his *repentance*, that in this Hee spent both dayes and nights, with unparelled delights.

But if *Narcissus* ship-wrack't himselfe in the fountaine of his selfe-fondnesse; *This great King* was upon point to Abyss himselfe in the Sea of his teares, for their liquid *CrySTALLINE* shewd him to himselfe so beautifull, that hee burned with desire thus to drowne himselfe.

Ladies view your selves in this *Mirroure*, since you are ordinarily slaves to your owne selfe-love. You will be faire at what price soever; see here is the meanes. The *CrySTALL Mirroure* of your teares *flatter not*, contemplate therein the beauty of this grace, which God hath given you to bewaile your vanities,

ties, This is the onely ornament which can render you admirable All those deceitfull Chrystals, which you weare hang'd at your Girdles, shew you but fained beauties wherof Art is the work-mistresse and cause, rather then your visages: Would yee be Idolaters of the Earth which you tread on? your bodies are but of Durt; but if you will have them endeared, where shall I find tearmesto expresse their Noysonnesse? Leave to *Death* his Conquest, and to the *Wormes* their heritage, and search your selves in that originall of Immortality, from whence your soules proceed, that your actions may correspond to the Noblenesse of that cause. This is the most profitable counsell which I can give You: It is time to end this Chapter.

Great Kings I serve you this Morning instead of a Page, to awake You, and remembrance You that you are Men: I meane, Subjects to *Death*, and consequently destinated to serve as a Prey to the *Wormes*, a Shittle-cocke to the Windes, and matter for to forme an object of horror and astonishment to
you

*Tears are the
faithfullest Mi-
rours of peni-
tence.*

*If Ladies would
take as much
care of their souls
as of their bodies,
they would not
hazard the losse
both of one and
to'ther.*

*The meditation of
our nothingnesse,
is a soveraigne
remedie against
vanitie.*

*Men are so neare
of blood together,
that all beare the
same name.*

*Man hath no-
thing so proper to
him, as the misfe-
ry to which hee is
borne.*

*If the earth be
our mother, hea-
ven is our fa-
ther.*

you altogether. Muze a little, that your life passeth away as a *Dream*; thinke a little that your thoughts are vaine; consider at the same time, that all that is yours passes and flies away. You are great, but this necessity of Dying equals you to the least of your subjects. Your powers are dreadfull, but a very hand-worme mocks at 'em: your riches are without number, but the most wretched of men carry as much into the grave as you. In fine, may all the pleasures of Life make a party in Yours, yet they are but so many Roses, whose prickles onely remaine to you at the instant of *Death*. The horror which environs You, chaseth away your greatnesse, the weaknesse which possesseth you, renders unprofitable your absolute powers, and onely then in that shirt, which rests upon your backe, are comprised all the treasures of your Coffers. Are not these verities of importance enough to breake your sleepe?

I awake you then for to remembrance you this last time, *that you are Men*: but destined to possess the place of those evill Angels, whose Pride concaved the

the Abyſſes of Hell: that you are Men, but much more conſiderable for the government of your reaſon, then your Kingdome. *That you are Men*, but capable to acquire all the felicities of Heaven, if thoſe of the Earth are by you diſdained. *That you are Men*, but called to the inheritance of an eternall Glory, if you have no pretence to any of this world.

Laſtly, *that you are Men*: but the living images of an infinite and omnipotent one. Cleare ſtreames of immortality remount then to your eternall ſource. faire rayes of a Sunne without Eclipse rejoyne your ſelves then to the body of his celeftiall light. Perfect patternes of the divinity, unite your ſelves then to it, as to the independant cauſe of your Beeing. Well may the Earth-quake under your feet, your wils are Keys to the gates of its abyſſes: ſhould the Water or'e-whelme againe all, your hopes cannot be ſhipwrack't. That the Aire fills all things may bee, but your expectations admit of ſome *vacuum*. Though the *Fire* devoure all things; the object of your hopes is above its flames

Though the body and ſoule together make up the man: there is yet as much difference between the one and the other, as between the ſcabbard and the ſword.

Although the pu-
issances of the
soule, worke not
but by the senses,
the effects in this
point are more no-
ble then the cause

Man needs feare
nothing, being a-
levated above a.l.



Man could not be
more happy then
he is, since God is
his last felicity.

To day is proper to
man.

flames, let the heavens poure downe in
a throng, their malignant influences
here below: your soules are under co-
vert from their assaults. Let the *Sun* ex-
haling vapours make thereof thunders
for your ruine: you are under the pro-
tection of him who ejaculates their
flashes; insomuch that instead of hur-
ting you, all things doe you homage.
The *Earth* supports you, the *Water* re-
fresheth you; the *Aire* imbreaths you,
the *Fire* warmes you; the *Sun* lights you,
& Heaven attends you; the Angels ho-
nour you, the *Divels* feare you, *Nature*
obeyes you, and God himselfe gives
himselfe to you to oblige you to the
like reciprocation. Is not this to possesse
with advancement all the felicities,
which you can hope? I dare you to
wish more.

Awake thy selfethen *Reader*, and let
thy conscience and thy miserie each in
its turne serve thee as a *Page* every mor-
ning to put thee in mind, That thou art
a *Man*, I meane a pourtraict animated
with *Death*, rather then with *Life*, since
thou canst doe nothing but dye, but in
this continuall dying, amid the throng
of

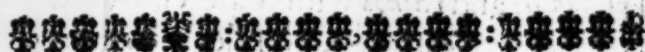
which flatters not.

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of evils and paines which are enjoined to thy condition; Consider also that thou art created to possesse an Eternity both of life and happinesse, and that all these infinite good things are exposed as an ayme of honour and glory to the addresses of thy will; for if thou wilt, *Paradise* shall bee thine, though *Hell* gape at thee; *Heaven* shall be thy share, it's delights thy Succession, and God alone thy Sovereigne felicity.

*How happy is
man, thus to bee
able to be as much
as he desires.*

A



A P R O L V S I V E

upon the E M B L E M
of the second Chapter.

S Well on unbounded Spirits, whose vast hope,
Scornes the streight limits of all moderate
Be Crescent still, fix not i'th' *Positive*, (scope.
Graspe still at more, reach the *Superlative*;
And beyond *that* too, and beyond the Moone;
Yet al's but vaine, and you shall find too soone,
These great acquits are bubbles for a spurr,
And *Death* wil leave you nothing but your *Shirt*.
Be *Richest*, *Greatest*, *Pow'rfullest*, and Split,
Fames Trumpet with the blast on't, there's it,
That's all, a *Coffin*, and a *Sheer*, and then,
You're dead, and buried like to Common men,
This *Saladine* foresaw, and wisely stoopes
Unto his *Fate*, 'midst his triumphant troopes.
A world of wealth, and *Asiaticke* Spoyles,
Guerdon his glorious military toyles
Ensignes, and Banners shade his armyes Eyes
With flying Colours of fled enemyes :
Yet humbly he doth his chiefe Standard reare
Onely his *Shirt* displayd upon a Speare.
Meanwhile his valorous Colonels were clad
In rich Coate-armours, which they forced had
From subdu'd foes, and't seem'd a glorious thing,
Each man to be apparreld like a *King*,

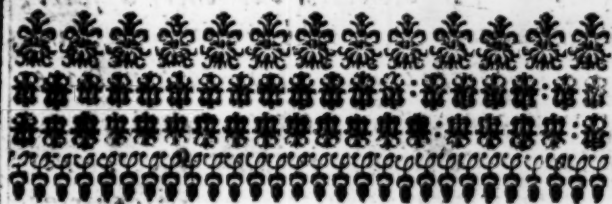
The

The very common Souldiers out-side spoke,
Commander now, and did respect provoke.
Their former ornaments were cast aside,
Which 'fore the victory were al their pride, (sound
To check their Pompe; with clang'ring trumpet-
A *Herald* loud proclaim's in Tone profound :
See what the *Emperour* doth present your Eye,
'Tis all, that you must looke for when you dye.
This *Shirt* is all even *Saladine* shall have
Of all his *Trophy's* with him to the grave.
Then be not over-heightned with the splendour
Of your rich braveries, which you so much tender.
Nor let your honours puff you, least you find
The breath of Eame jade ye with broken wind.
This solemne passage of this *Monarchs* story
VVith greatest luster doth advance his glory.

THE



*VICTORIOUS SALADINE caus'd to be Proclaim'd to all his
Armie that he carried nothing with him to the
Graue but a SHIRT after all his Conquests.*



THE
M I R R O R
WHICH
FLATTERS NOT.

CHAP. II.



A Rrogant spirits, ambitious
Hearts be silent, and lend
an eare to the publicke cry
of this Herald, who with a
voyce animated with hor-
rour and affright, as well as with com-
passion and truth, proclaimeth aloud,
in the view of heaven and earth, and in
the presence of a world of people;
That this *Great SALADINE*, magnifi-
cent *Conquerour of Asia*, and *Monarch of*
the whole East, carries away to the grave for
fruit

*The horror and
misery of the
grave, makes the
haire stand on
end to the proud-
est.*

fruit of his victories but onely a shirr, which covers the mould of his body, and even this scrap of linnen too, Fortune leaves him, but to give the wormes.

This necessity of dying, serves for temperament to the vanity of the greatest Monarchs of the world.

Absolute Kings, puissant Soveraignes, what will you reply to these discourses, for to you they are address? I doubt well, that shame, confusion and astonishment, barre your speech, and that this sensible object of your proper miseries, affects you so with ruth, to force from your bosomes a thousand sighs. The greatest Monarch of the earth becomes at a clap so little, as not to be found, no, not in his miseries, for the wind begins already to carry away the dust whereof hee was formed. The powerfullest King of the world, is reduc'd to such a point of weakenesse, that he cannot resist the wormes, after vanquishment and subjugation of entire Nations. The richest Prince of the East, takes a glory of all his treasures, to carry away but onely a shirr to his Sepulture. What can you answer to these verities?

This famous *Saladine*, the terrour of men, the valour of the earth, and the wonder

wonder of the world , esteemes himselfe so happy , and so advantaged by fortune , in respect she leaves him this old ragge to cover his corruption, that he makes this favour , to be published with sound of trumpet , in the midst of his Army , that none might be in doubt on't : what beyond this can be your pretentions ? I grant you may be seated like *Xerxes* , upon a Throne all of massie gold , canopied with a glistening firmament of precious stones ; and that on what side soever you turne your menacing *regards* , you see nothing but objects humbled before your Royall Majesties. You never seate your selves upon these Thrones of magnificence , but as it were , to take leave of the assembly , continuing still to give your last God-bwyes , like a man who is upon point to depart continually , since he dyes every moment. Insomuch , that all this Pompe which accompanyes you , and which gives shadow to the luster wherewith you are environed , vanishes away with you , and all those who are its admirers , and idolaters , runne the

*Man cannot com-
plaine of the
world, since at
his death he gives
him a shroud, which
at his birth, his
mother Nature
refused him.*

*All the speeches of
Men are but
discourses of adieu
& leave-taking,
since every day
he marches
straight forward
toward Death.*

same fortune, being of the same nature.

Be it from me granted, that the report of your glory, admits no vacuity, no more then the Ayre does, and that your name is as well knowne as the Sunne, and more redoubted then the thunder. This voyce of renowne is but as the sound of a Bell, which redoubles a noyse to its owne detriment, to advertise those that doubt on't; and this name so famous, and dreadfull, finding no memory here below to the prooffe of ages, buryes it selfe at last, in the nothingnesse of its beginning.

Be it againe, that all the Gold of the Indies can be valewed but to a part of your Estate, and that all the world together, possesse lesse treasure then you alone; what advantage thinke you to beare away, more then the most miserable of the world, that in this you should be vaine? Enioyes not he the same Sunne which lights you? hath not he the same usage of the Elements, whereof you make use? But if you have more then he, a gloriousnesse of apparell, and a thousand other superfluous

*To what purpose
doth the renown
of a Man make
a noyse in the
world? the noyse
ceaseth, the re-
nowne passeth.*

*The tranquillity
of the mind and
the health of bo-
dy, are the only
riches of the
world.*

fluuous things (which are altogether estranged to vertue, as being imaginary goods, whose appearance alone is the onely foundation) hee may answer you with *Seneca*, that with whatsoever coverture a *Man* hides the shame of his nakednesse, he shall passe for well-clothed among wise men. And to come to the point ; a *Man* hath alwayes enough wherewith to follow his way, and to finish his voyage. The surplus is but a burden of cares, which are metamorphosed into so many bryars, when Death would discharge us of them. Besides, Riches consists but in opinion, though their treasures be palpable and sensible. A man is Rich, equall to that which he beleeves himselfe to be. And though hee hath nothing, this Grace wherewith hee is treasured, to finde rest in his miseries, is above all the Gold of the world.

He is the most
rich, who is most
content.

What difference thinke you there is betwixt the Rich and the poore? both the one and the other, are equally pilgrims and travellers, and goe alike to the same place. Then, if the Rich passe through the fairer way, they ren-

All Mortals together make a dance of blind men, who in dancing runne to death without seeing the way they passe.

The treasure of good workes only enriches us eternally.

counter when they dye, all the thorns of those roses which they have past upon. There is no arrivall to the *Ha-* *ven* of the grave, without being *tempe-* *sted* sooner or later, in the *forme* of those miseries, which accompany us. And me thinks it is a comfort, to suffer in good time those evils, which we cannot avoyd.

Rich-ones, how miserable doe I hold you, if the goods of the earth be your onely treasures! Rich-ones, how unhappy are you, if your felicities be but of Gold, and Silver! Rich-ones, how you compell my pity of your greatnesse, if you have no other titles then those of your Lord-ships! Rich-ones, how frightfull only at the houre of Death are your names, since the misery, wherein you are borne, accompanies you in the sepulchre.

True it is, that the Ayre of the Region where you dwell, may be very temperate, the Seasons of it faire, and the lands fertile: but you consider not, that while you live, you often sigh backe the ayre which you receive; that this sweet time, which smiles on you, entraines

entraines you in flying to the season of reares, and that very soone the dunghill of your bodyes shall perhaps render the lands yet more fertile.

The Rich Men of the world have done nought but passe away with the ages, that gave them birth: you are borne in this, and this very same goes away, and leads you with it, and all the rest of Men, without skilling what you are, or in what fashion you are vested, well may you possesse an infinite number of treasures; you must alwayes trot, and rise as soone iⁿ the morning as others: but if you play the slugs, and sleep too long, Death comes in the end to awake you, and interrupt your repose with an eternall disquiet. What will you say to this? The fable of *Midas* comprehends in it important verities; *Apollo* grants him all that hee demands, he satiates the appetite of his unmeasurable ambition by the vertue which he gives to his touch, to be able to turne all things into gold. See him now rich for a day, his hands are as new Philosophers-stones, which make the grossest, and most impure metals,

The content of riches is like an odoriferous fume, but it passes, and so doth their enjoyment also, and there is all.

'Tis strange, whether we swift place and sit or no, we yet runne incessantly to Death.

*To what purpose
is it to be envi-
roned with riches?
they are a strange
kind of good,
wh:ve of one can
enjoy the usage
but for a moment
only.*

change both nature, and price, he sees himselfe enrounded in a moment with so great a number of treasures, that he begins to apprehend the enjoyment of those goods, which he desired with so much passion; and from feare hee comes to astonishment: then, when prest with hunger, all the Viandes which he touches with his hands, lips, or tongue, are metamorphosed into Gold. O inseparable amazement, from a mortall grieve, caused by a semblable regret, that hee could not limit his ambition, but to the desire of his owne ruine!

Rich-men, you are as so many *Midas*es, since with all your treasures, you never importune heaven for any other thing, but to increafe their number, to which effect you destinate your cares, your watchings, and your labours. But make no more imploring vows; behold your selves at last heard. The glistering of your riches dazles me, your greatneses and magnificences give you cheerefull tincture; yet let us see the reverse of the Medall.

After your so many strong wishes
for

for Gold and Silver, their treasures remaines to you for to satiate, at least in dying, the unrul'd appetite of the ambition of your life. Riches I say environ you on all sides, after your so passionate covetize of them. But in this last instant, their possession is the saddest object, which can be presented to your thoughts. And notwithstanding 'tis the onely nourishment which rests to you, amid the hunger which torments you uncessantly, as if for punishment of part of your crimes, heaven did permit, that the instruments of your pleasures, should also be the same of your punishments, considering the greatnesse of your miseries, by that of your unprofitable treasures: for after all you must dye, and though you carry with you this desire, to beare away with you your riches into the tombe, they remaine in your coffers, for to serve as witnesses to your heires, of the vanity of their enjoyment.

The Silke-wormes, which have so much trouble to spin out their mouths their little golden threads, thinke to stablish to themselves a shelter of honour,

*The covetous
growes poore in
measure as hee
growes rich, since
in encreasing his
treasures, encrea-
ses the famine of
his insatiable
avarice, and thus
of what he posses-
ses he enjoyes no-
thing.*

*A Man carries
away nothing
with him at his
Death, but either
a regret or else a
satisfaction of an
evill or a good
Life.*

To what effect
is't to seeke repose
in this world?
'tis never to be
found but in
God.

* See the ambi-
guity of the
French word
Sousies, in the
first Chapter.

nour, to the prooffe of all sorts of at-
teints, and on the contrary, they warp
the web of their owne ruine. Just so is
it with the Rich-ones of the world,
who an ingenious industry, employ all
their assayes, to lay solide founda-
tions here below of an immortall life,
and yet all their actions cannot but
terminate in an end contrary to their
designes; since they search Eternity
in the circles of Ages, alwayes in re-
volution, and repose in the perpetuall
instability of all worldly things. Inso-
much, that they trouble themselves to
suffer much, and all their cares and
paines, are but as fresh sowings of
* *Marigolds*, which dying in their gar-
dens, respring in their hearts, there to
dye never. Behold the end of their jor-
ney-worke.

Treasures, to what effect serve you
me, if I must enter all naked into the
grave? *Pleasures*, what becomes of
your sweets, if my last sighs are but
bitternesse? *Grandeurs* of this life, in
what stead you me, if you cannot
exempt me from the miseries of
Death?

L O R E,

L O R D, I am rich enough in that I serve for an object of pity to thy adorable Providence, whose o're-liberall bounty furnishes me for all my dayes nourishment enough to passe them, what can I wish more? on what side som-ever I take my way, to goe the course of Death, I can never loose from view the heavens, which are the *Gates of thy Palace*. Infomuch, as if any thing faile me, I have but to strike there with my regards, thou art alwayes upon a ready watch, to succour the miserable. Supply me then, **O L O R D**, if it please thee, with thy ordinary charities, and since that hope dyes after me, I will rather cease to be, then to hope in thee. These are the strongest resolutions of my soule.

We reade of the children of *Israel*, that having received of *God* an infinity of riches, at their comming out of the red Sea, by the wracke of their enemies, they made of their treasures, Idols, and joyning in this sort Idolatry to Ingratitude, they erected altars to their brutality, since under reliefe of a brute beast, they represented their *God*.

But

Heaven is an object of consolation to the most miserable.

We beg of God every day new favours, & every day we render our selves unthankfull for those we have received.

*Are we worthily
Christians,
when idolatry is
more familiar to
us than to infidels,
since we make
idols of all the ob-
jects of our pas-
sions?*

But leave wee there the children of *Israel*, and speake of the Fathers of *B A-
BYLON*, I meane those wicked rich
ones of the *world*, to whom *God* hath
done so great favours, in heaping them
with so many goods. Are not they
every day convicted of *Idolatry*, in their
unacknowledgement, since the coffers
of their treasures are the *Idols* of their
temples? More beasts then brutes, in
their voluntary depravednesse; they
offer incense to their brutish passions;
and no otherwise able, but to erect
them secret altars in their soules, they
there sacrifice every houre a thousand
sighs of an unsatiable ambition. Inso-
much, that the *God* of *heaven* is the
God of their dissimulation, and the
Calfe of *Gold*, the *God* of their beleefe,
and opinion.

Say wee then boldly, that the ob-
jects of our passions are *Golden Calves*
to us, since our hearts become their
Idolaters. One here will sigh for love
of honours, as well as for his *Mistresse*,
with designe to hazard a thousand
lives, and as many soules, for the con-
quest of their vaine felicities: and see
here

here his idolatry, making his *God* of these *Chimera's* of honour, which vanish away like a *Dream*, at the rousing up of our *reason*.

Another there, will lose quite and cleane, all the *peace* wherein he is of a quiet life, for to set up a *rest* purely *imaginary* in the amassement of treasures. And if *heaven* hearing his votes, with designe to punish him, give some favourable successe to his cares, and watchings, hee becomes an Idolater now indeed, an Idolater of those goods, which as yet hee doted but in hope, and renders himselfe miserable, for having desired too ardently felicities, which onely beare the voyce to be so, but their usage and possession may prove as dangerous upon the earth, as Rocks within the Sea.

One will have his *heart* wounded, and his *Soule* atteinted with a new trick of *ambition*, and as all his desires & thoughts are terminated to the objects of his designs, hee is never in health, while the feaver of his passion is continuall. I leave you to consider of what ratiocination hee can be capable,

*What folly is't,
to seeke repose in
the world, which
subsists onely in
revolution?*

*The goods of the
earth are right
evils, and at
Death each one
shall so experi-
ment 'em.*

ble, during the malady of his spirit. All sorts of wayes seeme equally faire unto him, for to guide him unto the port whither hee aspires, having no other ayme but this to acquire, at what rate soever that *good* whereof he is in Quest; and of this *Good*, it is whereof he makes his *Idoll*, after a shamefull immolation of the best dayes of his Life, to the anxieties of its possession.

Another will establish his repose in the turmoyle of the *word*, turning his spirit to all winds, to be under covert from the tempests of fortune. Blind as he is, hee followes this *Goddesse* with the hoodwinckt eyes. Wavering as he is, he aspires but after the favours of this inconstant Deiry, of which he is secretly an idolater, but if perchance she elevate him very high, there is no more hazard of his fall, the lawes of this necessity are inviolable, and one cannot avoyd the rigour of them, if not avoyding their servitude. Insomuch, that after hee hath sneak't himsele a long time amongst the *grandeurs* of the earth, hee finds himsele enlabyrinthed

rinthed in the miseries, wherein hee is borne, without possessing any thing in propriety, but the ufance of a puffe of wind, which enters once againe at last into his entrals, to force thence the last sigh. And thus hee becomes the *Victime* of the Idoll of his passions, without purifying ne'rthelesse from the sacrifice of his life, the soyle of those offerings, which hee hath made upon the altars of *Vanity*. Behold the sad issue of this Dedalean labyrinth, wherein so many of the world take pleasure to intricate themselves in.

O how *Rich* is he, *L O R D*, who hath thy love & feare for his *treasure*? O how *happy* is he, who hath for object of felicitie the *contempt* of these things of the world! O how *Contented* is hee, who thinkes alwayes of *eternall* delights! To have many riches for a hundred yeeres, is not this to possesse at the end of that terme a *Good*, which is as a good, as never to have beene. To taste greedily the sweets of every sort of prosperity, during the raigne of a *long life*; is it not already to *dye* by little and little for griefe to abandon them, since

If the fruition of all the world together were to be sold, it were not worth so much trouble as to open the mouth onely to say, I will not buy it.

*A wicked rich
Man is much
astonish'd at his
Death, to have his
conscience voyd
of good works,
and his coffers
full of money, since
with all the gold
of the world, hee
cannot purchase
the grace of the
least repentance.*

since in flying away, they intraine us into the grave. To pant continually for joy in the presence of a thousand pleasures, is it not to prepare in one's breast, the matter of as many griefs? since every contentment is a disposition to a kind of martyrdom, by the necessary and infallible privation of its sweets, whereof while we taste on't, it menaceth us. In fine, to have all things at wish, is it not to possesse vaine businesses, since the world has nothing else to offer us? The riches which Fortune gives and takes away againe when she will, can never enrich a Man; it behooves him to seeke his treasure in the mines of his conscience, so to be under covert from sinne; for otherwise hee runnes the same hazard, as of the goods which hee possesses, I meane in their decay, to loose himselfe with them. The prosperities of the earth, are once more fresh flowers of the garden, faire to the eye, and of good sent, but 'tis to much purpose to gather them, and make nose-gayes; in holding them one holds nothing, because their fragility renders them so slipperie,

perie, that they 'scape both from our eyes and hands, and though their flight be slow, one day only is all their durance. The pleasures of the world are of the same nature, I grant they may have some agreeablenesse to charme our senses, yet 'twere too vaine to vaunt of their possession, though one enjoyes them, forsomuch as they slip away, and vanish without cease from our eyes, like the alwayes-flitting water trills. Their sway hath so short limits, that each moment may be the terme on't. Solid contentments are onely found in heaven, and the onely meanes to relish them beyond all sweetes, is continually to Maze on them, for having alwayes our spirit arrested upon meditation of an object so delicious, our thoughts draw thence by their vertue this efficacy, to ravish us with joy. I returne to my first proposition.

That the greatest MONARCH of the world, after possession of all things to his wish, and having led a thousand times fortune herselfe in triumph, upon the territories of his

H

Empire

The arrivall of pleasures annunciates us alwayes their speedie departure.

The good or ill which we doe, accompanies us to the grave.

Empire should in conclusion be exposed all *naked* in his *S H I R T*, at the end of his carriere, to serve for a *prey* to the *wormes*, and a *shitlecokke* to the winds, certes a man must needs be very insensible, not to be tought with affright at these truths.

The misprizall of riches, is the onely treasure of life.

G R E A T K I N G S, if you have not other Mines of *Gold* more precious then those of the *India's*; you shall dye as poore as you were borne: and as *Teares* were the first witnesses of your misery, sighs shall be the last of your poverty, carrying with you this *regreet* into the *grave*, to have possessed all things, and now to find your selves in estate of enjoying nothing.

If we would acquire Heaven, we ought to have no pretence to Earth.

G R E A T K I N G S, if you have no other marks of sovereignty, but this of the large extent of your territories, the tribute which your subjects shall render you at the end of the *journall*, shall be very little, since the long spaces of your *Empire* shall be bounded with *seven foot*.

G R E A T K I N G S, if you have no other treasures then those of the rest of your *Demeanes*, all those goods are

are false, and the regret of their privation too true. But if you doubt of this yet, consult the dumbe oracle of the *Ashes* of your *Ancestours*, and the truth will answer for them, that they never have had any thing more proper to them then *miserie*, nothing more sensible then disasters, and that with all the riches which they have enjoyed during life, they have not beene able to procure at the houre of *Death*, more then that *piece of linnen*, wherein they are *inveloped*.

GREAT KINGS, if you have no other Philosopher-stone but this, the Conquest which your Valour may make, all your greatnesse, and all your riches, shall bee enclosed in the *coffins*, wherein you shall be *buried*. For, all that Fortune shall give you *to day*, *DEATH* shall take from you *to morrow*, and the day after, one may count you in the ranke of the most miserable. I will againe change tone.

What a contagious *maladie* in this age, wherein we are, is this *passion* of *amassing* treasures! All the *world* would

The rents of vertue's demeanes
are not subject to
fortune.

True valour has
no other object,
but the conquest
of eternall things.

If one knew the
perill of being
rich, he would
onely be in love
with povertie.

We may call Man
a Tree, whose root
is the immortall
soule, and the
fruits which it
beares, are of the
same nature, ei-
ther for glory, or
punishment.

be rich, as if *Paradise* were bought
with ready mony, and that the com-
merce of our safety were a publike
Banke, where the most covetous ren-
der themselves the most happy. Every
one makes bravado of his acquists, and
poyzeth his felicities to the balance
of his riches, being never able to be
otherwise content, but in reference to
the measure of what he is estated in.

There one will assume a pride to
have ten thousand *Acres* of wood, whose
revenue, nourisheth his passions, and
entertains his pleasures. Insomuch, that
he considers not that these Trees are la-
den but with the fruit of these World-
miseries; & of all together he shal bear
away, but the branch of one only, which
shall serve very soone for a *Beere* to his
carkasse. See in what consists the pro-
fit of his rents, after their account
made.

Another will be rich onely in *Me-
dowes*, and changing his hay into *Gold*,
which is but *Earth*; he fills therewith
his coffers. But *Foole*, that he is, hee
thinks not that his life is a Medow, his
body the hay thereof and Time the
Mower

Mower, who by his example makes publicke trafficke of the same marchandize, changing by little and little the hay of his *body* into *Earth*. And is not this to be very ingenious to cheat a man's selfe?

The World is a Meadow, and all the objects which therein we admire, are flowers, which fade every houre.

Anothers ayme is onely to be rich in *buildings*, some 'the' Country, some 'th' City, and assuming vanity from the number, as well as the magnificence of his Pallaces, hee beleeves that they are so many *Sanctuaries* of prooffe, against the *Strokes* of fortune, or the thunders of *heaven*. What a folly's this, to esteeme ones selfe happy, for having diverse Cabbins upon earth, to put himselfe under couvert from the raine, and wind, during the short journey of life? The raine ceases, the wind is past, and life dyes, and then the tempest of a thousand *eternall* anguishes comes to entertaine him, without possibility of discovery, even from hope, one onely port of safety. To be onely rich then, in ædifices, is to be rich in castles of paper and cards, such as little children lodge their pety cares in.

*We must build
upon the unshake-
able foundations
of eternitie, if a
man would be
sheltered from all
sorts of stormes.*

*Though we say
the Sunne sets
every night, yet
it rests not: and
so Man, though he
lay himselfe to
 sleepe, rests not
from his voyage
to Earth.*

To what purpose steads it us to be richly lodged, if *every* houre of the day may be that of our *departure*? Men trouble themselves to build houses of pleasure, but the pleasures fade away, and we also, and these houses remaine for witnessers of our folly, and for sensible objects of sorrow, and griefe, in that cruell necessity to which wee are reduced to abandon them. It is to be considered, that wee are borne to be *Travellers* and *Pilgrims*, and as such, are wee constrain'd to march alwayes straight to the gift of *Death*, without ever resting, or being able to find repose even in repose it-selfe. To what then are all these magnificent *Pallaces*, when our onely retreat beats on to the grave? To what end are all this great number of structures, when wee are all in the way, and point to end our voyage? O how well is hee *housed*, that lodgeth his hope in God, and layes the foundations of his habitation upon *ETERNITIE*! A good conscience is the richest *house* that one can have.

Another designes his treasures in numerous *Shippings*, trafficking with all winds.

winds, in spight of stormes and tempests : but be it granted a perpetuall calme as heart could wish, and imagine we, (as himselfe does) that hee shall *fish* with *Fortunes nets*, all the Pearles of the *OCEAN*; what can he doe at the end with all his ventures? if he trucke them away, hee can gaine but stuffe of the same price, if hee sell them, he does but change white purified earth for yellow, which the Sunne purifies as well within the mines: what will hee doe now with this new marchandise, or this his gold? behold him alwayes in trouble, to discharge himselfe of so many burdens. If gold were potable, hee might perhaps nourish himselfe therewith for a while; but as *MIDAS* could not doe it in the fable, he will ne're bring it to passe in the verity; he must needs keep watch then day and night to the guard of his riches; and well may hee keep senti-nell, *Death* comes to robbe him of them, since at his going out of the world she takes them *away* from him. What apparence is there, that the treasures of the Sea should be able

*The treasure of
good workes, is
eternall riches.*

*Our life is a Ship,
which loosing
from the Haven
of the Cradle, at
the moment of our
birth, never comes
a shore againe, till
it run aground
upon the grave.*

to make a man rich, since the possession of all the *world* together cannot doe it. A hundred thousand ships are but a hundred thousand shuttle-cockes for the winds, and a hundred thousand objects of shipwracke. Suppose they arrive to the *Port*, the life of their Master is alwayes among rocks, for 'tis a kind of ship, which cannot arrive at other shore, but at the banke of the grave. And I leave you to consider what danger he may runne, if there the storme of his avaricious passion cast him. The sand-blind-sighted may foresee his ruine, and the most judicious will beleieve it infallible. Behold in fine a man rich to much purpose, that would have drayn'd by his ambition, the bottomlesse depths of the *Ocean*, and now to find himselfe ith' end of his carriere, in the *abysses* of hell, having an eternitie of evils for recompense of an age of anxieties, which hee hath suffered during his life.

L O R D, if I would be rich in wood, let it be in that of thy *CROSSE*, and from henceforth let its fruits be
my

my revenues, and my rents. If I would trafficke in meads; Let the meditation of the hay of my life, be my onely profit. If I set my selfe to build houses, let it be rather for my soule then for my body, and in such sort, that my good works may be the stones, and the purity of my conscience the foundation. And lastly, If I would travell the Seas, to goe to the conquest of their treasures; let my seares be the waves thereof, and my sighs the winds, and thy grace alone, the only object of my riches.

Make me then rich, O LORD, if it please thee, by the onely misprize of all the treasures of the Earth, and teach this secret language to my heart, never to speake but of thee in its desires, nor of other then thy selfe in its hopes, since of thee alone, and in thee onely lies the fulnesse of its perfect felicity and soveraigne repose. Let us not rest our selves in so faire a way.

I cannot comprehend the designe of these curious Spirits, who goe seeking the Philosophers-stone in that Spittle, where an infinite number of their companions are dead of regret to have

He which puts his trust in God, is the richest of the world, how poore soeuer he be.

'Tis already a sufficient enjoyment of rest and quiet, to set up ones rest in God onely.

*The love of God
is the onely Phi-
losopher-stone,
since by it a man
may acquire eter-
nall treasures.*

*An inclination
toward the mis-
prise of Earth, is
a presage of the
getting of Heav'n*

have so ill imployed their time. They put all they have to the quest of that which never was, and burning with desire to acquire wealth, they reduce all their owne into cinders, and their *lungs* also with vehement *puffing*, without gaining other recompence at the end of their labours, but this, now to know their folly: but the Sun sets, the candle goes out, the bed of buriall is prepared, there must be their *Enter* at the *Exit* of so many unprofitable pains. To what purpose serves it now, to know they are fooles, having no more time to be wise.

What cruell *Maladie* of spirit is it to sacrifice both ones body and soule in an unluckie *alymbicke*, for to nourish a vaine *ambition*, whose irregular appetite can never be satisfied? Is not this to take pleasure in kindling the fire which consumes us? to burne perpetually with desire of being rich in this world, and yet get nothing by it: And then to burne againe eternally in *hell*, without possibility to quench the ardour of those *revenging* flames: is not this to *wrap* ones-selfe the *web* of a fate,
the

the most miserable that ever was?

Produce we then of nothing the creation of this Philosopher-stone, & grant we it made at present to the hearts of the most ambitious. I am content that from the miracles of this *Metamorphosis* they make us see the marvels of a new gallery of silver, like to that which bare *NERO* to the Capitoll. I am content that they make pendant at the point of a needle, as *SEMIRAMIS*, the price of twenty millions of gold. I am content that after the example of **Atabalipas*, they pave their halls with *Saphirs*. I am pleas'd, that imitating *Cyrus*, they enround their gardens with *perches* of gold. I am content, that the *Dryades* of their fountains be compos'd of the same materiall, following the magnificences of *Cesar*. I am content that they erect with *Pompeyan Amphitheater* all covered with plates of *Gold*. I am content they build a Pallace of *Ivory*, there to lodge another *Melampus*, or a *Louvre* of *Chrystal* to receive therein an other *Drusus*, and let (I am content still) this *Louvre* be ornamented with court-cupboards

* Atabali, King of Peru.

The world is aptly compared to the Sea, since as the stormes of this, so are the miseries of that, and like the flitting billowes ever rolling, so are all the objects which we here admire.

boards of Pearles equall to those of *Scarnus*, and with coffers of the same price as that of *Darius*. To what will all this come to in the end? What may be the reverse of all these medals? The scorching heat of *Time*, and the Suns-beames have melted this gallery of silver, its admirers are vanisht, and its proprietary. Even *Rome* it selfe hath runne the like fate, and though it subsist yet, 'tis but onely in name, its ruines mourne at this day the death of its glory. That so pretious Pendant of *Semiramis* could not be exempt from a kind of Death, though it were *inanimate*. I mean that in its insensibility, it hath received the attainments of this *Vicissitude*, which alters and destroyes all things, since it now appeares no more to our eyes. All those *Saphir-paved* halls are passed away, though Art had enchained them in beautifull Workemanships. They have had otherwise a glittering luster, like the *sunne*; but this *Planet* jealous of them, hath refused in the end its clearenesse, so much as to their ruines; insomuch that they are *vanished* in obscuritie.

'Tis a Rule without exception, that all that is included in the revolution of Time, is subject to change.

scuritie. These gardens environed with
railes of gold, have had (like others)
divers *Spring-times*, to renew their
growth, but one *winter* alone was
enough to make them *dye*. Those
Dryades which enricht these fountaines
are fled upon their owne water-trils,
and scarce remains us their remem-
brance. That proud *Amphitheater* of
Pompey could not eternize it selfe, but
in the memory of men, & yet we scarce
know what they say, when they speake
on't. That Ivory Palace of *Melau* goes
for a fable in histories, being buried
in the *Abisses* of *non-entitie*. That fa-
mous Louvre of Christall having been
bustled against by *Time* is broken, and
shivered into so many peeces, that
not so much as the very dust on't sub-
sists, but in the confus'd *Idea* of
things, which have beene otherwhile.
All those high cup-boards of Pearle,
and all those coffers of great price have
indeed had an appearance like light-
ning, but the thunder-bolt of *inconstan-*
cy hath reduc't them into ashes, and the
memory of 'em is preserv'd in ours, but
as a *dreame*, since in effect it is no more
at all.

Meditate here a
little, how oft the
face of the Earth
hath been varied
since its first crea-
tion.

But

*There is nothing
so certaine in the
world, as its un-
certaintie.*

** Fui, & nihil
amplius*

*Yet thus is it a
blesse dnessse of our
condition, thus to
escape by little
and little the mi-
series which are
incident vnto us.*

But if the precious wonders of past Ages, have done nothing but passe away together, with their admirers and owners, is it not credible, that those covetous rich ones, did runne the same fortune with all the treasures of their Philosopher-Stone, and at the end of their Carreere, what device could they take but this very same of SALADINE, since of all their riches, there remains them at their Death, but onely a poore Shirt, * *I have beene*, saies this great Monarch, and behold, *heere's all*.

Why, *Rich-ones* of the World, doe you trouble your selves so much, to establish your glory here below, for to perswadeus at the end of the journall onely this, *That you have beene*? An atome has the same advantage, for this *creating power*, which we adore, after he had ta'en it out of the *Abysses* of nothing, wherein you also were buried, made it to subsist in nature. Bee it that you have beene the *greatest* on Earth, yet now the faire light of your faire dayes, is extinguish't for ever. The Sun of your glory is eclips't, and in an eternall West. And that your fate which interloomed the web of
your

your greatnesſes, together with your lives, lyes entomb'd with your *Aſhes*, to ſhew us that theſe are the onely unhallowed reliques which your Ambition could leave us.

You have bin then otherwhile the only *Minions* of Fortune, like *Demetrius*, but he and you are now no more any thing, not ſo much as a hand full of *Aſhes*; for leſſe then with an Infinite power, 'twere impoſſible to any, to reunite into a body, the parcels of the *Duſt*, whereof your Carcaſſes were formed, behold in what conſiſts at this day, the foundation of your paſt glory.

You have bin then otherwhile the ſame as *SALADINE*, the onely *Monarch* of the *East*, and have poſſeſt (as he) treaſures without number, and honours without parallel: But (as *He*) alſo you have done nothing elſe but paſſe away, and like him againe you have not beene able to hide your wretchedneſſe, but under a Scrap of *Linnen*, whereof the *Wormes* have repaſted, to manifeſt you to all the World.

In fine, you have beene otherwhile the wonders of our dayes, but now you are

If vertue eternize not our memorie, our life paſſeth away like the wind, without leaving any trace.

He which esteems
himselfe rich and
happy in this
world, knowes not
the nature of
worldly happi-
nesse and riches.

are the horreur of this present, for the onely thought of the dung-heap of your *Ashes* poysons my spirit, so delicate i't, and I leave farther provocation to the incredulous, if they bee willing to bee stronger witnessers of it, but let us now leave personall reflections, and trouble wee not the repose of *Church-yards*.

I grant that you may bee at this instant that I speake unto you, so rich and happy, that you cannot wish more of *Fortune*, nor *Shee* able to offer you more: Yet thus ought you to consider where you are, who you are, and what are the goods which you possesse. You are in the World, where all things fly away, and 'tis in this way of flying away, that you read these verities: my meaning is, you dwell upon the same earth, whereof you are formed, and consequently you lodge upon your *buriall-places*, whose entrances will be open at all moments. To say who you are, I am ashamed, in calling you by your proper names, for to remembrance you your miseries: *Corruption* conceaves you, *Horreur* infants you, *Blood* nourishes you, and *infection* accompanyes you in the Coffin.

The

The measures which you enjoy are but *Chimeras* of greatnesse and apparitions of glory, whereof living you make experiment, and dying you perfectly know the truth on't.

To what end then can stead you your present felicities, since at present you scarce enjoy them at all? for even at *this very instant* another, which is but newly upon *passé*, robs you of part of them; and even thus giving you hint of the cosenage of his companions, *Cheates* you too, as well as they; and thus they doe altogether to your *lives*, as well as your contentments; in ravishing these, they *intraîne* the others: then what remonstrance can you exhibit of esteeming your selves happy for *past* felicities, and which you have not enjoyed but in way of *depart*? And if this condition be agreeable unto you, still there is a necessity of setting up your rest at the end of the carriere, and there it is, where I attend to contribute to your vaine waylings, as many resentments of Pity. Take wee another tracke, without loosing ourselves.

How ingenious was that famous

I Queene.

There is nothing so constantly present with us, as our miseries, since alwayes we are miserable enough at best.

How much better
is it to be so happy
in fishing, as to
angle for grace
in the teares of
penitence?

Queene of Egypt, to deceive with good grace her *Lover*. She caused underhand dead fishes to be enmured to the hooke of *Antonie*, as often as the toy tooke him to goe a fishing, to the end to make him some sport by those pleasant deceits. May we not say that *Ambition* doth the same? for which wee cast our hookes into this vast *Ocean* of the *vanities* of the world, wee fish but *Dead* things without soule, whose acquirement countervayles not a moment of the *Time*, which we employ to attaine it.

Had I all the goodliest fardles of the world laded on my backe; I meane, had I acquir'd all the honours, wherewith fortune can tickle an *ambitious* soule, should I thence become greater of body? my growing time is past. would my *Spirit* thence become more excellent? these objects are too weake to ennoble her *Powers*. Should I thence become more vertuous? *Virtue* looks for no satisfaction out of it selfe. Should I thence be more esteemed of the world? This is but the glory of a *mind*, which doth but passe away. What?

'Tis to no purpose
to be passionate
for such goods
as a man may
lose, and the
world can give
no better.

What happinesse, what contentment,
or what utility, would remaine me
then, that I might be at rest? A Man
must not suffer himself thus to be fool'd.
All honours can be but a burden to an
innocent soule, for so much as they are
continuall objects of vanity, which
stirre up the passions, and onely serve
but for nourishment to them in their
violences, to hurry them into all sorts
of extremities. And after all, the ne-
cessitie of dying, which makes an in-
separable accident in our condition,
glows the glittering of all this vaine
glory, which envisions us. In the an-
guishes of death, a man dreames not
of the grandours of his life, and being
ever and anon upon point to depart,
finds himselfe often afflicted most with
those good things which hee possesseth,
measuring already the depth of the
fall by the height of the place, whi-
ther he is exalted.

* Hee which found Fortune at his
gate, found no haile to stay her wheele:
But if shee on the one side takes a plea-
sure to raise Empires, to destroy
Realmes, and to precipitate her fa-

*Tis an irksome
remembrance of
past happinesse.

* Galba.

yourites : *Death* on the other side pardons no body, alters the temperament of all sorts of humours, perverts the order of every kind of habitude, and not content yet to beate downe all these great *Colosses* of *Vanitie* ; which would be ta'en for the worlds wonders, calls to the sharing of their ruine the elements, thus to bury their materials in their first abysses, where she hath designed the place of their entombement.

All things passe
away, and by
their way tell us
that we must doe
so too.

What can a *Man* then find *Constant* in the world, where *Constancy* doth no where reside ? *Time*, *Fortune*, *Death*, our *Passions*, and a *Thousand* other stumbling blocks shall never speake other language to us but of our *miseries* , and yet wee will suffer our selves like *ALEXANDER* to be voyc'd *immortal*. Our prosperities, our *grandeurs*, our very delights themselves, shall tell us, as they passe, a word in our eare, that wee ought not to *trust* them, and yet for all this, we will never sigh but after them. Be it then at last for very *regret*, to have vented to the wind so many vain sighs, for *Chimeras* of sweets, whereof

whereof the remembrance can not be but full of bitterness.

Vaine honours of the world, tempt me no more: your allurements are powerfull, but too weake to vanquish me: I deride your wreaths of *Laurell*, there grows more on't in my garden then you can give me. If you offer me esteeme, and reputation among men, what should I doe with your presents? *Time* devoures every day the like of them, and yet more precious. I undervalue all such *Good things*, as *It* can take away againe from me.

Deceitfull greatneses of the Earth, cease to pursue me, you shall never catch me, your *charmes* have given some hits to my heart, but not to my soule, your *sweets* have touch't my senses, but not my spirit; what have you to offer me, which can *satisfie* me? *Time* and *Fortune* lend you all the Scepters and Crownes which you borrow, and as you are not the owners, they take them away againe when they will, and not when it pleaseth you. So then, I will have no Scepters for an *houre*, nor no Crownes for a *day*. If I have desire to

No securitie of pleasure, to enjoy such things as may every moment be lost.

worldly Greatneses are but like Masking-clothes, which serve him and soother but for that time.

raigne, tis beyond Time, that I may thus be under shelter from the inconstancy of *Ages*. Trouble not your selves to follow me. This world is a Masse of m.r. upon which a Man may make impresse of all sorts of Characters, but not hinder Time to deface the draught at any time. Ambitious Spirits, faire leave have you to draw the Stell of your designs upon this ready prim'd cloth : Some few yeeres wipe out all. Some ages carry away all, and the remembrance of your follyes is only immortall in your soules, by the eternall regret which remaines you of them.

SCAPPO made designe to conquer *Carthage*, and after he had cast the project thereof upon mould, he afterwards tooke the body of this shadow, and saw the effect of his desires : But may not one say, that the Trophies of his valour have beene cast in rubbidge within that masse of durt, whereof the world is composed, since all the marks thereof are effaced ? *Carthage* it selfe though it never had life, could not avoyd its Death. Time hath buried it so deep under its owne ruines, that we
seeke :

seeke in vaine the place of its Tombe.
I leave you to ruminate, if its subduer
were himselfe able to resist the assaults
of this Tyrannie.

If *ALEXANDER* had sent his
thoughts into heaven, there to seeke a
new world, as well as his desires on
earth there to find one, he had not lost
his time; but as he did amuze himselfe
to engrave the history of his ambition
and triumphs upon the same masse of
clay, which he had conquered; he writ
upon water, and all the characters on't
are defaced. The Realmes which hee
subdued, have lost some of them their
names, and of this Triumpher there re-
maines us but the *Idea* as of a Dreame,
since men are ready to require *Security*,
even of his *Memorie*, for the wonders
which it preacheth to us of him.

*There is more glo-
ry to despise the
world, then to
conquer it: for
after its conquest,
a man knowes
not what to doe
with it.*

May wee not then againe justly
avow, that of all the conditions, to
which a man may be advanced with-
out the ayde of vertue, either by nature
or Fortune, there is none more infor-
tunate, then to be to these a favorite,
nor any more miserable, then to be a
Great-one? This inconstant Goddesse

All those who engage themselves to the service of fortune, are ill paid; and of this, every day gives us experience.

All those who hound after fortune, are well pleased to be deceived, since her deceits are so well knowne.

hath a thousand favours to lend, but to give, none but haltars, poysons, poniards, and precipices. 'Tis a fine thing to see *Hannibal* begging his bread even in view of *Scipio*, after he had cal'd into question the price of the worlds *Empire-dome*. Is it not an object worthy of compassion, to consider *Nicias* upon his knees before *Gillippus*, to beg his owne and the Athenians lives, after he had in a manner commanded the winds at Sea, and Fortune ashore, in a government sovereignly absolute? Who will not have the same resentments of pity, reading the history of *Craßus*, then when by excesse of disaster he surviv'd both his glory & reputation, being constrained to assist at the funerals of his owne renowne, and undergoe the hard conditions of his enemies, attending death to free him from servitude? Will you have no regret, to see enslav'd under the tyrannie of the *Kings* of *Egypt*, the great *Agésilau*s, whose valour was the onely wonder of his *Time*? What will you say to the deplorable *Fate* of *Cumenes*, to whom Fortune having offered so often *Empires*, gives him nothing in

in the end but chaines, so to dye in captivitie.

You see at what price *Men* have bought the *favours* of this *Goddesse*, when many times the serenity of a happy life produceth the storme of an unfortunate *Death*. You may judge also at the same time, of what Nature are these heights of *honour*, when often the *Greatest* at Sun-rise, find themselves at the end of the Day, the most miserable. And suppose Fortune meddle not with'em, to what extremitie of misery thinke you is a man reduc't at the *houre* of his departure? All his *Grandeurs*, though yet present, are but as past felicities, he enjoyes no more the goods which he possessees, griefes only appertaine to him in proper, and of what magnificences so'ere hee is environed, this object shoves him but the image of a funerall pompe, his bed already *Emblemes* the Sepulcher, the *sheets* his winding linnen, wherein he must be inveloped. So that if he yet conceit himselfe *Great*, 'tis onely in misery. Since all that hee sees, heares, touches, smells, and tastes, sensibly

I wonder not if rich men be afraid of death, since to them it is more dreadfull then to any.

Fortune sells
every day the glory
of the world to
any that will, but
none but fooles
are her chap-men.

sensibly perswades him nothing else.

Give Resurrection in your thoughts, to great *Alexander*, and then againe conceive him at last gaspe, and now consider in this deplorable estate, wherein hee finds himselfe involv'd upon his funerall couch, to what can stead him all the *grandeurs* of his life past, they being also past with it. I grant that all the *Earth* be his : yet you see how the little load of that of his body weighs so heavy on his soule, that it is upon point to fall groveling under the burden. I grant that all the glory of the world belong to him in proper, hee enjoyes nothing but his miseries. I yeeld moreover, that all *Mankind* may be his subjects : yet this absolute soveraignety, is not exempt from the servitude of payne. Be it, that with the onely thunder of his voyce he makes the *Earth* to tremble : yet he himselfe cannot hold from shaking at the noyse of his owne sighs. I grant in fine, that all the Kings of the world render him homage : yet hee is still the tributary of *Death*.

O *grandeurs* ! since you fly away without.

our cease; what are you but a little wind; and should I be an Idolater of a little tossed Ayre, and which only moves but to vanish to its repose?

O *greatnesses*! since you doe but passe away, what name should I give you but that of a *dream*? Alas, why should I passe my life in your pursuite, still dreaming after you?

O *worldly greatnesses*, since you bid *Adieu* to all the world, without being able to stay your selves one onely moment; *Adieu* then, your allurements have none for me, your sweets are bitter to my taste, and your pleasures afford me none. I cannot runne after that which flies; I can have no love for things which passe away; and since the world hath nothing else, 'tis a long while that I have bidden *adieu* to it. It had promised me much, and though it had given me nothing, yet cannot I reproach it, finding my selfe yet too *rich* by reason of its hardnesse. But I returne to the point.

Men of the World would perswade us, that it is impossible to finde any quiet in it, to say, a firme settling of Spirit,

Omnis motus
tendit ad quietem.

*Worldly Greatnesses are but
childrens trifles,
every wise man
despises them.*

*The onely meanes
to be content, is to
settle the consci-
ence in peace.*

Spirit, wherein a man may be content in his condition, without ever wishing any other thing. And for my part, I judge nothing to be more easie, if wee leave to reason its absolute power. What impossibilitie can there be, to regulate a mans will to Gods? And what contradiction in't, to live upon earth of the pure benedictions of heaven? *What greater Riches can a man wish then this, to be able to undergoe the Decrees of his Fate, without murmuring and complaint?* If Riches consisted onely in Gold, Diamonds, Pearles, or such like things, of like raritie, those which have not of 'em, might count themselves miserable. But every man carryes his treasure in his conscience. Hee which lives without just scandall, lives happily; and who can complaine of a happy life?

*Riches are of
use to humane
life, but not of
necessitie, for
without them a
man may live
content.*

But if to have the hap of these felicities of this life, a man judge presently, that hee ought of necessity to have a great number of riches: This is to enslave himselfe to his owne opinion, abounding in his proper sense, and condemning reason for being of the
contra-

contrary part. I know well that a man is naturally swayed to love himselfe more then all things of the world, & that this love proceeds from the passion of our interests, seeking with much care and paine, all that may contribute to our contentments; and whereas Riches seeme to be Nurses of them, this consequence is incident to be drawne, that without them is no contented living. But at first dash, it is necessary to distinguish this love into Naturall and Brutall, and beleeve, that with the illumination of reason, wee may purifie the relishes of the first, even to the point of rendring them innocent, without departing from our interests, and consequently the enjoyment of our pleasures; giving them for object, the establishment of our settled content, in misprision of all those things of the world, which may destroy it.

As for this brutish *Love*; which estranging us from God, separates us also from our selves; the passion of it becomes so strong by our weakenesse, that without a speciall grace wee grow
old

Philautia.

*When Reason
reignes, the passi-
ons obey.*

old in this maladie of Spirit, of contenting our Senses, rather then obeying our Reason, making a new God of the Treasures of the Earth. But in conclusion, these Gods abandon our bodies to the Wormes, and our soules to the Devils. And for all their riches, the greatest ~~Great ones~~ can onely purchase a glorious Sepulture. Is not this a great advantage, and a goodly consolation?

*He whose will
submits to Gods
will, lives ever
content.*

*The Spirit of a
Man will beare
his infirmitie.*

Maintaine we boldly, that a man may finde quietnesse of life in all sorts of condition, with the onely ~~richnesse~~ *richnesse* of a ~~rich~~ *rich* soule, resign'd to take the will as it comes, and as God sends it, without ever arguing with his providence. There is no affliction, whereto our Soule cannot give us answer. There is no ill whereto it selfe is not capable to furnish us a remedie. A man, how miserable soever, may finde his contentment amidst his miseries, if he lives for his soule more then for his bodies behalfe. God makes us to be borne where he will, and of what Parents hee pleases: if the poorenesse of our birth accompanie us even to death, hee hath so ordained it; what can wee else doe,

but

but let him so doe? Can he be accounted miserable, that obey's with good grace his soveraignes decrees?

O, how is it farre more easie to undergoe the burthen of much *povertie*, then of great *riches*! For a man extremely *poore*, is troubled with no thoughts more important, then onely how to finde meanes to passe his life in the austerities whereto hee is alreadie habituated, without repining after other fortune, as being estranged equally both from his knowledge and reach; in which respects, hee may well be stil'd *happie*. But a man very *rich*, dreames of nothing but to eternize the continuance of his dayes (although this fancie be in vaine) instead of letting them quietly slide away; insomuch, that being possess'd with no passion more then love of life, hee thinks alwayes to live, and never to die. But *Death* comes ere hee thinks on't, and taking from him all to his very *Shirt*, constraines him to confesse, that *riches* are onely profitable by misprision, since by the contempt a man makes of them, he may become the richest of the world.

'Tis a greater danger to be very rich, then very poore; for riches often make men loose their way, but povertie keeps 'em in the straight path.

Death cannot be said to deceive any body, for it is infallible, and yet the world complains of it.

O what a sensible pleasure 'tis to be Rich, say wordly men alwayes! but I would faine know, in what consists this contentment? what satisfaction can there be had to possesse much treasure, knowing what an infinit number of our companions are reduc'd to the last point of povertie? Some in *Hospitals*, where they lye in straw, o'rewhelmed with a thousand fresh griefes. Others at the corner of a street, where a piece of a *Dung-hill* serves them at once, both for bed and board. Some againe in *Dungeons*, where horriour and affright, hunger and despaire tyrannize equally over their unfortunate spirits. And others in some *Desert*, to which ill fate has confined them, to make their ill remediless, as being farre removed from all sorts of succours. How with the knowledge of these truths, a man shall be able to relish greedily the vaine sweets of wordly riches, it must needs be forwant of reason or pity, and consequently to be altogether brutish or insensible. I shall have (suppose) a hundred thousand crownes in rents, and all this revenue shall

There is no emptinesse in nature, for miseries fill all.

shall serve but to nourish my body and its pleasures, without considering, that a hundred thousand poore soules sigh under the heavy burden of their miseries every Day : and yet men shall esteeme me happy in being rich in this fate. *O how dangerous are the treasures, which produce these felicities !*

Is it possible, that the *Great-ones* of the world doe not thinke at all in the middle of their *Feasts*, of the extreme poverty of an infinite number of persons, and that in themselves they doe not reason secretly in this sort. What? in this instant that we satiate the appetite of our senses, with all that Nature hath produced most delicious for their entertainē; a million and many more poore *soules*, are reduced to this extremitie, as not to have one onely crumme of bread. And in this serious thought what relish can they find in their *best-cook'd cates*, and in their sweetest condiment? does not this important consideration, mingle a little bitterness? But if their spirits estrange themselves from these meditations, and fasten to objects more agreeable.

'Tis a brave generosity, to be sensible of other mens miseries.

O how hard of digestion is the second service of their collation! *Hee which cannot love his neighbour, ha's no love for himselfe.*

To speake ingenuously, every time when I consider in that condition, exempt from want, wherein God hath given me birth, and wherein his goodnesse (which is no other then himselfe) keeps me still alive. I say, when I consider the misery to which the *greatest* part of the world is reduced, I cannot be weary of blessing this adorable Providence, which grants me to see from the haven, the tempests wherein so many spirits are tossed: which grace to me alone (me thinks) is all extraordinary to see my selfe under shelter, from so many evils, wherewith so many persons are *afflicted*. By what meanes could I deserve, before the Creation of all things, that this soveraigne Creator should designe mee from the Abysses of nothing, to give me *Being*, and a being moreover of *grace*, making me to be borne in a *Golden age*, in a *Christian Kingdome*, and in a *City of the Catholike Faith*, for to be instructed and brought

*All in God is
adorable, and all
incomprehensible;
we must then
adore, and be
silent.*

brought up as I have beene in the only Religion, wherein a man may find his *Salvation*? and with all these benefits, moreover, to elevate me above the *temptations* of poverty and misery.

Are not these most pure favours, which would require of this *Eternall* ONE, (who hath bestowed them me) the tearme of an *Eternity*, that I might be able to arrive to some small condigne acknowledgement of them? The most miserable wretch of the world, wherein did he differ from me in way of merit of some portion of these favours, which he possesseth not; since that before time was, hee and I were nothing at all, and yet from all eternitie *God* hath' bestowed these things on me in precedencie, rather then on him? At least (say I) it did behoove me, that since the first moment, I was capable of reason; I had employed all those of my life past in the continuall *meditation* of so many, and so great benefits, whereof to reach the reason, 'twere to find the bottomes of the Abysses of this infinite mercy, to which I remaine infinitely indebted?

*The neereſt way
from Earth to
Heaven, is by
Charitie.*

And comming to the point, ought not I in this preheminance of *mine* contribute all my power to the ſuccour of him, who enjoyeth not my happineſſe, to the end, thus to deſerve in a manner, ſome partie of them under the favour of merits from this great *God*, who onely gives reward to thoſe good actions, which he makes me doe. Can I reſuſe to be *charitable* to him, who onely begges *ſome good* of me, but to render me worthy of *that*, which I have received from *heaven*? I ſhall have all things to my wiſh amidſt my pleaſures, when *Death* it ſelfe is deaſe to his plaints, in extremitie of his paines: And ſhall not I give him ſome ſort of conſolation, either in good office, or in pity, being thereunto obliged by yet more powerfull reaſons?

*Earthly great-
neſſe is the leaſt
gift of Heaven.*

Great-ones of the World, you are more miſerable then theſe miſerable-ones, even in the mid'ſt of your felicities, if the recite of their evils give you not ſome *touch*. You have riches more then they, but *God* hath given you theſe, but to *cheere* their poverty. As well alſo, though they now are
yours.

yours, shall they take leave of you, at the *Even* of your depart, and if of them you carry any thing away, it shall be onely the interests of that which you have lent these Poore-ones.

Great worldly-ones, how is your fate worthy of compassion rather than Envie, if you have no other Paradise then your riches?

Grandees of the World, how soone will the source of your contentments dry up, if onely your treasures give it spring-head?

Great worldly-ones! of how shortendurance shall be your prosperities, though an Age should bee limit to their course, since at the end of that tearme you must dye eternally, and dye in a paine alwayes living. Suggest to your selves often these importancies. *Visit and turne over the leafe, to reade more of them.*

When I consider the great number of *Emperours, Kings, Princes, and Lords*, which have governed the *World*, and the *Battels* which they have given for its conquests, since the moment of its creation, I remaine all amaz'd, nor

*He whose hopes
are onely on the
world, must needs
at last despaire.*

*Houres, Dayes,
Teares, and Ages
may well be diffi-
rent, but the
world is still the
same.*

able to find bounds nor measure in this amuzement. How many severall Masters may a man imagine then, that the World hath had? and how many times conquered, dividing it into divers Empires, Kingdomes, and Lordships? Well, yet the World hath still remained the same, and in the same place still: but its Emperours, Kings, Princes, and Lords, are vanished away, one at the heeles of other, and all their conquests have served them only as matter of Passe-time, since all their combats and battels, have had no other price of Victory, but upon the same earth, where their glories, and bodyes remaine together entered.

O goodly childish sport, to amuze themselves about conquering some little point within the limits, wherewith the Universe is bounded! Ask but *Alexander* what hee hath done with the bootyes of his Conquest. When he had ta'en away all, he had yet nothing, and of himselfe now remaines there nothing at all. *Ambition*, behold the reverse of thy Medall.

L O R D, Preserve to me alwayes,
if

(if it please thee) this humour where-
in I now finde my selfe, to misprize all
the things of the world, and *It* spo
with passion. Give me a heart wave-
ring and inconstant, to this end, that
it may uncessantly change from all
worldly Love, till it be subjected to
the sweet Empire of thy Love. Render,
render evermore my spirit unquiet, un-
till that it hath found its repose in thee
alone, the foundations of such a rest
are unremoveable. I will give for no-
thing all my pretentions on earth, for
thereto pretend I nothing at all. *Hea-*
ven onely is my marke and ayme. Now
you shall see soone the end of the Chap-
ter.

How was it possible that the glory
of those brave *Romanes* of former
time, could any way arrive to that
point (though they aym'd it) where-
to the renowne of *Rome* it selfe could
never attaine? What a folly was it,
that they sought immortality amid'st
this inconstancy of Ages, where *Death*
onely was in his Kingdome, for they
assisted every day, at the funerall of
their renowned companions, and after

*Why should any
love the world,
which deceives
all that trust in't?*

*These wise world-
ly ones have had
no other recom-
pence of their
folly, but such a
blast of Fames
Trump.*

they had seen their bodies reduced into ashes, they might with the same eye, moreover, contemplate their shadows, I meane their statues, metamorphosed into dust, and all their reputation served but as a wind to beare them away into an infinity of *Abysses*, since as a Wind, being nothing else, it flies away with these heapes of ruine, so farre both from the eye, and all memory, that in the end, there is no more thought on't.

In effect, all these *great men* of the World did see buried every moment the hope of this vaine glory, whereof their ambition was alwayes labouring to make acquist; and yet not one of them for all this, stept backe; as if they tooke a pride in their vanities, and the folly of them were hereditary. *CÆSAR* had seene the death of *Pompey*, and with him all the glory of his renowne, and *Pompey* had seene buried in the tombe of *Time*, and *Oblivion*, the renowne of that great *Scipio*, whose valour more redoubted then the thunder had made the *Earth* tremble so oft. *Scipio* in his turne might have read the Epitaph, which despaire, shame, and disaister had graven in letters

of

*Ambition never
elevates, but to
give a greater
fall.*

of Gold upon the Sepulture of *Hannibal*, and *Hannibal* might have learn't to know by the unconstancy of the Age, wherein he liv'd, before he made experiment of them, the mis-fortunes, and miseries, which are inseparable to our condition. And yet notwithstanding, all of them have stumbled one after other, upon one and the same Stumbling-stone.

I am not come into *Persia*, for the conquest of treasures, said *Alexander* to *Parmenio*: take thou all the riches, and leave mee all the glory: but after good calculation, neither of them both had any thing at all. These riches remained in the world still, to which they properly appertained, and this vaine-glory saw its lover dye, without it selfe being seene. Infomuch that after so great conquests, the wormes have conquered this great *Monarch*, and as the dunghill of his ashes ha's no sort of correspondence with this so famous name of *Alexander*, which otherwhile he bore, tis not to be said, what he hath beene, seeing what he is now, I meane his present wretchednesses efface every day the memory of his past greatneses.

Ambi-

The richest of the world at last is found as poore as the poorest companion.

Ambitious spirits, though you should conquer a thousand worlds, as hee did this one, you should not be a whit richer for all these conquests. The *Earth* is still as it was, it never changes nature. All her honours are not worth one teare of repentance: all its glory is not to be prized with one sigh of contrition. I grant that the noise of your renowne may resound through the foure corners of the Universe: That of *SALADINE* which went round it all, could not exempt him from the mishaps of life, nor miseries of *Death*. After he had encof-fered all the riches of the East, yet findes he himselfe so poore for all that, hardly can he take along with him so much as a *Shirt*.

Embalme then the Aire which you breathe, with a thousand Odours, bee Served in Plate of Gold, Lye in Ivory, Swimme in Honours, and lastly, let all your actions glitter with magnificence; the last moment of your life shall bee judge of all those, which have preceded it: then shall you be able at your Death, to tel me the worth of this vaine glory, whereof you have beene Idolaters, and after your
Death,

*'Tis the greatest
horror of death,
to render account
of all the mo-
ments of life.*

Death, you shall resent the paines of an eternall regret, having now no more opportunity to repent you to any effect.

Belceve mee, all is but *Vanity, Honour, Glory, Riches, Praise, Esteeme, Reputation*, All this is but smoake during *Life*, and after *Death*, nothing at all. The *Grands* of the world have made a little more noyse then others by the way. But this Noyse is ceas'd, their light is extinguish't, their memory buried. And if men speake of them sometimes, the answer is returned with a shake of the head, intimating no more words of them, since such a Law of silence, *Time* hath imposed hercon. Seeke your glory in *God*, and your Honour in the contempt of this earthly Honour, if you will eternize your renowne, in the perpetuity of Ages. *I have no more to say to you, after these truths.*

* *

*



A P R O L V S I V E

upon the E M B L E M E
of the third Chapter.

A Funeral *Herse* with wreaths of *Cypres* crested,
A *Skeleton* with Roabes imperiall vested,
Dead march, sad lookes, no glorious circumstance
Of high Atchievements, and victorious Chance;
Are these fit Trophy's for a *Conquerour*?
These are the Triumphs of the *Emperour*
A D R I A N, who chose this *Sable* Heraldry
Before the popular guilded Pageantry.
'Stead of Triumphall Arches he doth reare
The Marble Columnnes of his *Sepulcher*.
No publike honours wave his strict intent,
To shrine his Triumph in his *Monument*.
The *Conscript Fathers* and *Quirites* all
Intend his welcome to the *Capitall*.
The vast expence one day's work would have cost,
He wiser farre (since t'other had beene lost)
To build a *Mausolaum* doth bestow,
Which now at *Rome* is call'd *Saint * Angelo*;
Where to this Day, from *Ælius Adrian's* Name,
The *Ælian* * Bridge doth still revive his fame.
Now was the peoples expectation high,
For wonted pompe and glitt'ring Chevalry:
But loe their *Emp'rour* doth invite 'em all,
Not to a Shew, but to his *Funerall*.

* *Moles A-*
DRIANI
mnæ Castri
S. Angeli.

* *Pons Æli-*
us.

They.

They looke for *Gew-Gaw*-fancies; his wife scorne
Contemnes those Vanities, leaves their hope for-
For since all's smother'd in the *Funerall Pyre*, (lorne
He will not dally with 'em for a while.

This was *Selfe-Victory*, and deserveth more
Then all the Conquests he had wooon before.

What can *Death* doe to such a man, or *Fate*,
Whose Resolutions them anticipate?

For since the *Grave* must be the latter end,
Let our preventing thoughts first thither tend.

Bravely *resolv'd* it is, knowing the worst

What must be done at *last*, as good at *first*.

THE



ADRIAN Emperour of Rome Celebrates
himselfe his Funeralls, and causes his Coffin
to be carried in Triumph before him.



THE
MIRROVR
WHICH
FLATTERS NOT.

CHAP. III.



How glorious is the
Triumph over *Death*? O
how brave is the *Victorie*
over a Mans selfe! You
see how this great * *Mo-*
narch triumphs to day over that proud
Triumpher *Death*, after the happy van-
quishment of his passions. Hee enters
into his *Empire* by the Port of his
Tombe, thus to raigne during his life,
like a man that dyes every moment;
he celebrates himselfe his owne *Fune-*
erals, and is led in Triumph to his *Se-*
pulcher

* *Adrian.*

pulcher to learne to dye generously. What a glory's this to over-awe *That*, which commands the whole world? what Courage is this, to assaile and combate *That*, which none could ever yet resist? and what a power is it to tame *That* which never yet yeelded? *Echo* her selfe hath not rebounds enow to resound aloud the wonders of this *Victorie*.

This is not the Triumph of *Alexander*, when he made his entry into *Babylon*, mounted upon a Chariot as rich as the *Indies*, and more glistering then the *Sunne*.

In this we see no other riches, but the rich contempt, which ought to be made of them; no other lustre, but of *Vertue*.

This is not the Triumph of *Cæsar* then, when he was drawne unto the *Capitoll* by forty Elephants, after he had wonne twenty foure battels. In this we see nought else but a *funerall pompe*, but yet so glorious, that *Death* her selfe serves for a *Trophie* to it.

This is not the Triumph of *Epaminondas*, where the glorious lustre of the
magni

magnificence sham'd the splendour of the day, which yet lent its light to it. The marvels which appear'd in this here, seem'd as celebrating in blacke the Exequies of all the other brave-ries of the world, since nothing can be seene more admirable then this.

This is not the Triumph of *Aurelian*, where all the graces are led captive with *Zenobia*. In this are to be seene no other captives but the world, and all its vanities, and their defeat is the richest Crowne of the *Victor*.

This is not the Triumph of that pompeous Queene of *Egypt* entring in- to *Cilicia*, where shee rays'd admiration to her selfe in a Galley of unutterable value, but in this wee contem-plate the more then humane industrie of a Pilote, who from the mid'st of the stormes and tempests of the world, re- covers happily to the Port, the ship of his life, though yet but in the way to approach to it.

In fine, this is not the Triumph of *Sejstris*, whose stately Chariot foure Kings drew. Passions are the onely slaves of this, and *Death* being here

L vanquish't

To triumph over
vice, is the no-
blest Trophie.

*All the glory of
men van sheeth
away with them.*

vanquish't, this honour remains immortal, and the name of the Triumpher.

Say we then once againe, O how glorious a Triumph is this, over Death! O how brave is the victorie over our selves! and the onely meanes thus to vanquish a mans-selfe, is to bury his *ambition* before his body be *ensepulchred*, preparing ne'rethelesse the tombe of both; to the'nd', that the continuall remembrances of *Death*, may serve for temperament and moderation to the delights of life.

We reade of *Paulus Amilius*, that returning to *Rome* laden with wreaths of Laurell, after the famous victorie over the *Persians*; he made his entrance of triumph with so great pompe and magnificence, that the Sunne seemed to rouse it selfe many times, as if upon designe to contemplate these wonders.

Pompey desirous to expose to the view of day, all the magnificent presents, which Fortune had given him in his last conquests, entred now the third time in Triumph into the
City

City of *Rome*, where the noyle of his valour made as many Idolaters, as admirers, gayning hearts, and now conquering soules, as well as before Realms and Provinces: But it seemes, that the glory, which accompanied him in this action had this defect, not to be sufficiently worthily knowne, even of those that were witnesses of it, as surprising by much, all that they could possibly expresse of it.

There was scene advanc't before his Charriot, in ostentation, a Checkerworke composed of two sorts of precious stones, whose beauty set them beyond all price: But yet (me thinks) their sparkling might have in good time beene a light to him, if by a feeling of fore-sight, touching the inconstancie of his fortune, hee had caused to have beene graven thereon the historie of his mishaps. There was admired in sequell, a *Statue* of the Moone, all of Gold, in forme of a *Crescent*, and I am astonisht, that this Image of change and *Vicissitude*, made him not fore-see the deturning of the Wheele, I meane the

Vanitie is a dangerous enemy, it flatters, onely to surprize.

Ambition is an
incurable disease
of the soule, if in
good time it be
not lookt too.

storme, that was to succede the calme of his happineſſe. He caus'd moreover to be caried before him a great number of Vessels of Gold, never thinking that *Death* might soone replenish some part of them with his ashes. There was scene to follow a Mountaine all of Gold, upon which were all sorts of animals, and many Trees of the same matter, and this mountaine was enrounded with a Vine, whose golden glittering dazled theeyes of all that considered its wonders. This proud Triumpher was the *Orpheus*, which to the *Lyrick* sound of his renowne, attracted this Mountaine, these Animals, these Trees, this Vine. But as *Orpheus*, so him also, Fortune destined a Prey to the fury of *Bacchinals*, I meane the *Eunuchs* which put him to *Death*. Three Statues of gold, first *Iupiters*, then *Mars*, and then of *Pallas*, came after. These were his Gods and his Goddesse: what succours could he expect from these Deities, which had no subsistence, but in statue, and the copy of whose portraict had no principall? There was had in admiration more-over,

over, thirty Garlands all of gold, and Pearles: but these Crownes were too weighty for his head, from whence it came to passe, that hee fell under the burden. A golden Chappell followed after, dedicated to the *Muses*, upon which was a great Horologe of the same materials. And as the Index still turned, ought not he to have considered, that the houre of his triumphing began to passe away, and that of his overthrow would presently sound, being sequell to the Lawes of that vicissitude, to which Fate hath subjected all things? His statue of gold enrich't with Diamonds, and Pearles, whereof nor hee himselfe, nor hee that enwrought them, knew the value, followed in its course, and in fine, this his shadow, was more happy then the true body, as having never beene scuffled with, but by time, and the other was vanquisht with miserie. Then appeared the great *Pompey*, seated upon a Throane, where hee and Fortune seemed to give Laws to the whole world, for his Triumphall Charriot was so richly glorious, so magnificent in rari-

A man had need to have an excellent memorie, not to forget himselfe among his honours.

Be it our constant
meditation, of
the inconstancie
to which all
worldly things
are subjected.

See Pliny's
Nat. Historie,
7 Book, 26 Chap-
ter.

Pride is the pas-
sion of fooles:
for what a sense-
lesnesse is it, to be
proud, having so
many miseries
about us, which
are incident to
mortall man?

ties, to splendide in new, and ne're-be-
fore-seene wonders, that a ravishment
surprized mens spirits, elevating them
at once from admiration to extasie,
not giving them leasure to make refle-
ction upon the present realties. But
this Triumphall Charriot still rould
about, and though the Triumpher re-
main'd seated in his place, yet his For-
tune turned about likewise. Insomuch
that in going to the Capitoll, hee ap-
proach't by little & little to the bank,
where his life and happinesse, were
equally enterred.

In fine, for the fulnesse of Glory,
These proper names of the conquests,
which he had made, were read in gol-
den Characters: The Kingdome of
*Pontus, Armenia, Cappadocia, Paphlago-
nia, Media, Colchis, the Hiberians, the
Albanians, Siria, Cilicia, Mesopotamia,
Phœnicia, Palestina, Iudea, Arabia, and
the Rovers of all the Seas.* Who can
be comparable to this proud Conque-
rour? and yet (*I say it*) having conque-
red and subjugated the greatest part of
the Earth, Fate permits him not so
much, as to expire upon it, and the
Sea.

Sea yet more treacherous , prepares him shipwracke in mid'st of the Port.

What resemblance, and what correspondence can there be now, betweene this Triumph so sumptuous, so stately, and magnificent, and *that*, whose presentation I show you, where *lowlinesse*, *humilitie*, and *miserie* hold the first ranke, and possesse the highest places. Assuredly the difference is great, but yet this inequality here is glorious, since it brings along with it the price of that vertue, whereof *Pompey* despised the conquest. Hee in his Triumph, rays'd wonder to the beauty of those two great precious stones. But the Sepulchrall Marbles, which appeared in this of *ADRIAN*, were of another estimate, because Prudence values them above all price, putting them to that employment, to which shee had destinated them. Againe, if he expose to view in vessels of gold, Mountaines, Animals, Trees, Vines, Statues of the same matter; This *Herse* covered with *black*, which serves for ornament to this *Funerall* Pompe, containes yet much more

L 4

treasure,

*How poore is the
vanitie of men,
having no other
grounds but hu-
mane frailtie ?*

Except the Crown
of Vertue, all
other are subject
to change.

treasure, since the contempt of all together is graven therein. Hee makes ostentation of his *Statue* of gold, enrich't with Pearles: but our *Monarch* takes as much glory without them, shewing in his owne bare Portraict, the originall of his miseries. That proud Conquerour had a thousand Garlands and golden Coronets, as a novell Trophy: But ours here crownes himselfe with *Cypresse* during his carriere of life, to merit those palmes which await him in the end. In fine, *Pompey* is the Idoll of hearts, and soules, and his Triumphall Chariot serves as an Altar, where he receives the voves and Sacrifices: But this Prince, in stead of causing Idolaters, during the sway of his Majestie, immolates himselfe up to the view of Heaven, and Earth, dying already in his owne Funerals, and suffering himselfe to be as is were buried by the continuall object, which dwels with him of *Death* and his *Tombe*. But if *Pompey* lastly, boast himselfe to have conquered an infinite number of *Realmes*, or all the world together: *This Man having never had worse

*ADRIAN.

worse enemies then his passions, hath sought no other glory but to overcome them, and in their defeat, a Man may well be stil'd the Conquerour of Conquerours ; for the Coronall wreaths of this Triumph, feare nor the Sunnes extremity, nor the Ages inconstancie. *Wee must passe on farther.*

Isidore, and *Tranquillu*, doe assure us, that to carry away the glory of a Triumph, it was necessarily required to vanquish five thousand enemies, or gaine five victories, as it is reported of *Cesar*. The consent of the Senate was also to be had. And the Conquerour was to be clothed in Purple, and Crowned wth Laurell, holding a Scepter in his hand, and in this sort hee was conducted to the Capitoll of *Iupiter*, where some famous Orator made a *Panegyricke* of his prowesse.

What better *Allegory* can wee draw from these prophane truths, then this of the *Victory*, which wee ought to have of our *five Senses* (as of five thousand enemies) whose defeat is necessary to
our

All the objects of Vanitie are so many enemies, against which we ought to be always in armes.

*Still to wage
warre against
our passions, is
the way to live
in peace.*

Our triumph. These are the *five Victories*, which he must gaine, that would acquire such Trophies, whose glory is taken away, neither by time nor *Death*.

This consent of the Senate is the Authority of *our reason*, which alone gives value and esteeme to our actions, and 'tis of her that we may learne the meanes in obeying her to command over our passions, and by the conquest of this sway, triumph over *our selves*, which is the bravest Victory of the World.

These Scepters and Crownes are so many markes of Sovereignty, which remaine us in propriety after subjection of so many fierce enemies, *Heaven* is the Capitol, whither our good workes conduct us in triumph, and where the voyce of Angels serves for Oratour to publish the glory of our deedes, whose renowne remaines eternall.

*'Tis not all, to
have Vertue, 'tis
the practise.*

These great *Roman* Captaines, which made love to vertue, though without perfect knowledge of it, have sought for *honour* and *glory* in the overthrow of their enemies, but they could never finde the shadowes of solid Honour, which thus they sought; from whence it came to
passe, •

passé, that they have fashioned to themselves diverse *Chimeras*, for to repast their fancy too greedy of these cheating objects. Not that there is no glory in a Conquest: but 'twas their Ambition led them along in Triumph, amidst their owne Trium-
phing.

What honour had *Cesar* borne away, if hee had joyned to his Trophies the slavery of *Cleopatra*? hee had exposed to view a Captive-Queene, who otherwhile had subjected him to her Love-dominion. But if the fortune of the warre had delivered him this Princessse, the fate of Love would have given, even himselfe into her hands. Insomuch, that the Death of *Cleopatra*, immortaliz'd the renowne of *Cesar*.

Asdrubal, according to *Iustin*, triumphed foure times in *Carthage*, but this famous Theater of honour, where glory it selfe had appeared so often upon its Throne, serves in conclusion for a Trophy to a new Conquerour, insomuch, that it buried at once the renowne, and memory, even
of

*He triumphs with
an ill grace, o've
whom his vices
triumph.*

of those, that had presented themselves
triumphant personages.

To day *Memphis* is all-Triumphant,
and on the morrow this proud Citie is
reduced to slavery. To day the report
of its glory, makes the world shake, and
on the morrow Travellers seeke for it
upon its owne site, but finde it not. O
goodly *triumph*! O fearefull *overthrow*!
What continuall revolution of the
wheele! *Marcellus* shewes himselfe at
point of day upon a magnificent Cha-
riot of *Triumph*, and at *Sunne-set* his
glory and his life finish equally their
carreers. I meane, in the twinckling of
an eye, *Fortune* takes away from him all
those Laurell-wreaths which shee had
given him, and leaves him nothing at
his death, but the regret of having liv'd
too-long.

Marius triumphed diverse times, but
with what *tempests* was the *Ship* of his
fortune entertained? Behold him now
elevated upon the highest Throne of
Honour; but if you turne but your head,
you shall see him all naked in his *shirt*,
halfe-buried under the mire of a com-
mon *Sinke*, where the *light* of the day
troubles

*It may be some
consolation in all
our miseries, to
see all else have
their changes,
as well as we.*

troubles him, not being able to endure the *Sunne*, a witnesse of his misfortunes. Behold him first, I say, in all abundance of *Greatnesse*, and *Soveraigntie*, whereof the *splendour* dazles the world; but stay a little, and you shall heare pronounc'd the sence of his *death*, being abandoned even of himselfe; having no more hope of safetie.

How pompeous and celebrious was the Triumph of *Lucullus*? In which, hee rais'd admiration to the magnificence of an hundred Gallies all-armed in the Prow; a thousand Chariots, charged with Pikes, Halberts, and Corselets, whose shocking rumbles sounded so high, it frightened the admirers, though they celebrated the *Festivall* of the *Victorie*. The number of Vessels of Gold, and other Ornaments of the Triumph, was without number. The Statue of *Mithridates* also of Gold, six foot high, with the Target all covered with precious Stones, serv'd anew to the Triumph. And of this *Glory* all the world together was an *adorer*, for the renowne of the *Conquerour* had diverse times surrounded the *Vniverse*.

But,

Great Men
cannot commit
little faults.

Plutarchus in
Apophtheg.
Reg. & Imp.
*Tristis sollicitusq;
circumivit urbem.*

But, what *shame* after so much *glory*!
What *infamie* after so great *honour*!
Lucullus, victorious over so many *Empires*, is found in fine subjected under the dominion of his *pleasures*: his *valour* ha's made many *slaves* every where, and yet his *sottishnesse* renders him in the end *slave* to his owne *passions*. Insomuch, that after hee had exalted the *splendour* of *Rome's* beautie, by his brave *actions*, worthy-admiration, he againe blouzeth it's *lustre* by his excessive *deboshes*, all blacke with *vice*. And now 'tis in vaine to seeke for *Lucullus* triumphant, since hee is onely to be found overthrowne in reputation, in which hee survives; thus rendring himselfe doubly miserable.

Wee reade of *Epaminondas*, that returning victorious from the *Leuctrians*, hee received with regret the *Present* of the *honour* of *Triumph*, which the Senate had prepared him, apprehending evermore the *deturne* of the *wheele*: so that the next morrow after the *Festivall*, hee tooke on him *mourning habit*, to prepare himselfe betimes to suffer the *change* of his *fortune*.

It

It is remark't in the history of *Demetrius*, that entring in *Triumph* into *Athens*, the people cast flowers, and an infinite number of golden Globes up and downe the streets, for a signe of a sumptuous congratulation. But what signe of *Vicissitude* and frailty, could there be more apparent, then this, which these flowers represented, since there is nothing more fraile in Nature then they? And these balles shewed also by their round, and still rouling figure, that the Glory whereof they were the symbole, and *Hieroglyphicke*, could not be firme, and stable according as *Truth* it selfe soone after publish't by a sudden change, which rendred the fate of this Victor deplorable.

Consider a little upon the same subject, what revolutions has the Ball of Empire, made since the first *Monarch*, let it fall at his *Death*. Is it not credible, that it hath runne over diverse times the circuit of the Universe, and its figure instructs us, that in the inconstancy which is proper to all created things, it will still rowle incessantly

We are but as so many flowers planted by Nature in the Garden of the Earth, and onely Death gathers us.

In like respect also we are as Bowles, for still we rowle along to the Grave.

santly from one to another, without ever staying, since its Center is no where at all; For so long as the world shall endure, a continuall vicissitude will be its foundation. And what meanes can there be to find a seat upon the earth, which may be sheltered from inconstancy, which raignes soveraignly and necessarily, as essentiall to all whatsoever subsists here below? *I have not beene farre, behold mee upon returne.*

Tertullian assures us, that in the Triumphs of the *Romans*, there was a man waged to cry aloud to the *Triumph*,

Remember thou art a Man.

*Worldly honours
are so many temptations,
to make us idolatrise our
selves.*

Plinie passeth farther yet, and tells us, that they were accustomed to put an iron ring upon the *Conquerors* finger, in signe of servitude, as if silently to intimate unto him, that he was besides himselfe, by an excesse of vanity in this amplitude of honour, wherein he saw himselfe elevated above his companions. And upon the same subject, a great number of *Historians* doe adde, that about the Charriot of the *Triumph*,

which flatters not.

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pher, there were two men assigned, the one carrying a *Deaths-head*, the other the Image of a *Peacocke*, and both continually crying,

REMEMBER THAT THOU
ART A MAN.

Certainely, Vanity makes great Prize of us, then when we are elevated to some eminent degree of honour. And though our heads be but as of dead-mens, for wee are dying uncestantly, and our miseries resemble us to those Images of *Peacockes*, which cannot beare up traine, but upon ugly Feete: Yet our Blindnesse is so great, and this Self-love so extreame, that men are dazled with too much Splendour, and a Man becomes slave to himselfe by loving himselfe with too much passion. Greatnesse and prosperity, never let themselves be possesse, but to take greater possession of us. And as they have allurements to charme us, and sweets to ravish us, a Man had need implore the succour of *Divine grace*, if hee would escape their
M pleasing

Vanitie is a dangerous enemy, since it betrayes us while it seemes to oblige us, by the complacence which it gives us.

pleasing tyrannie, and nothing but flight from them, or contempt, can give us weapons to resist them. *Let us still returne to the point.*

We reade of *Iudas Machabew*, that returning victorious from *Galile*, the people conducted him to the Temple, by a way all tapistred with flowers. *Abraham* after hee had vanquished five Kings, was received in Triumph into *Salem*, now called *Hierusalem*.

Iudith received the honour of Triumph by the destruction of *Holofernes*, and all the people of *Bethulia* laden with *Palme*, to make her triumphall wreaths, cryed out in her favour, *Behold the glory of Hierusalem, and the joy of all her Nations.*

Gen. 41. 41, 42,
etc.

Ioseph shewes himselfe in Triumph also upon the Chariot of *Pharaoh*, who puts his Royall Ring upon his finger, gives him his Chaine of gold, and makes him publicly to be acknowledged for the second person of *Egypt*.

David triumphs o're *Goliath*, with a magnificerce worthy of his victory, and the Virgins chant to his glory,
Saul

which flatters not.

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Saul hath kill'd his thousand, and David his ten thousand.

1 Sam. 18. 7.

Mordecai also had his turne of Triumph, mounted upon the horse of Ahasuerus, and had his prayses Heraldized by Haman, in these termes: Thus shall it be done to the man, whom the King will honour.

Esther 6. 11.

All these Triumphs are worrhy of admiration, I avouch it : but the Triumph over our selves, is worthy astonishment, as having to combate our passions, and consequently the winning'st enemies of the world, I say, the *winning'st*, or the *pleasing'st*, since they guard themselves onely with such kind of weapons, whose hurtings makes us often sigh rather for joy then grieve.

Certainely, the *Victory of Reason* over all the revolted faculties of our soules, merits alone the honour of a Triumph; and what advantage soever a man has over his enemies, hee himselfe is yet still vanquisht, if his vices be not subdued. *I pursue my designe.*

They which have enthronized *Vertue*

M 2

in

in their breasts, have laid their foundations upon the ruines of their passions, to testifie to us, that a *Man* cannot be vertuous with their predominancy. And after essay of diverse meanes upon designe to vanquish them, I have found none more powerfull, then this, *The Meditation of Death*, but if any doubt this, the tryall on't will be profitable for him.

How is it possible that a *Man* should let himselfe be mastered with the passion of *Revenge*, if he but muze of that Vengeance, which his sins may draw downe every moment upon his head, as being every houre in estate to dye? Hee shall heare rumble in his eares the thunder of Divine Justice, by the continuall murmur of his sighs, which advertize him of the approaches of *Death*. What courage can he have to avenge himselfe, being upon point himselfe to suffer the torment of eternall vengeance?

Thou that art *Vindicative*, wilt thou then quench the ardour of thy *Choller*, feele thine owne pulse, and consider that this pety flow feaver, where-

wherewith thou art stord, leads thee by little and little into the grave.

Who can be *Ambitious*, if musing of *Death*, since hee must quitt all with his life? Let us ponder a while the fate of those arrogant spirits, which ha' muz'd themselves to conquer the vaine greatneses of the Earth. What hath beene in fine their share at the end of the carriere? They have had nothing but unprofitable regreets, to have so ill employ'd their time, finding themselves so poore with all their treasure, as if they had beene borne the wretched'st of the world. Thou *Ambitious-one*, wilt thou be cured of the disease of thy Passion, think each houre of the day, that *that* which thou now hearest strike, may be thy *Last*.

Who would sigh for *prophane Love*, after these objects of dust, and ashes, if he often considered, that hee himselfe is made of nothing *else*, and that this noysome and corruptive matter seekes nothing more, then abysses of the grave, there to hide within its loathsomenesse, in effect who would

'Tis more honour
for a man to a-
venge himselfe of
his choler, then
of his enemie.

Mortall frailtie
brings blemish to
the fairest vil-
ages, and mightily
takes from their
opinion, being
well considered.

give his flesh a prey to pleasures, if he would consider that the wormes do in expectation, make their fees thereof already. *The Meditation of Death, serves for temperament to all sorts of delights.* And if a Man bee capable of love in this muze, it cannot be other then of his *Salvation*, since this object is eternall, but all others of the world perishable. Infortunate Lovers search the solace of your immodest passions in the *Anatomy* of the subject, whereof you are Idolaters. Be assistant at that dead view. *Thinke of your owne Death.* Behold you are cured.

He which considers of that wretchednesse which is adjunct to Death, easily misprizes the riches of this life.

What wretched Rich man would be so much in love with his treasures, if he would consider, that *Death* robs him from them every day, making him dye continually, and that at the end of the terme of his life, hee carries along with him but the *good*, or the *evill* which hee hath done, to be either *recompenc'd*, or *punish'd*, but with a glory or a punishment, whereof *Eternity* alone must terminate the continuance? *Covetous Misers*, the onely meanes for you to be so no more,

more, is to celebrate your owne funerals, by your *Meditations*, and often to consider the *Account*, not of your riches, but *that* which you must render one day of their fruition, since your *Salvation* depends thereon.

Who, in fine, would make a God of his Belly, seeking with passion all the delights, which may tickle the sense of *Taste*, if he represented to himselfe the *miseries* of the body, which hee takes so much paines to nourish, and the rigour of those inviolable decrees, which destinate him a prey to the *wormes*, and the remaines of their leavings to *rottenesse*? This consideration would be capable to make him loose both appetite, and desire, at the sametime, to nourish so delicately his carkasse. O *soules* all of *flesh*, repasting your selves with nothing *else*, there is no invention to make you change nature, but this, to *Heare* your selves dye by the noyse of your *sighs*, to *See* your selves dye by the *wrinkles* which furrow every day upon your vi-sages, and to *Feele* your selves die by the beatings of your pulse, which *indexeth*

this your heſticke feaver, wherewith you are *mortally* attainted. This is a *Probatum* remedy, the experience thereof is not dangerous.

If a man ſhould forget all things elſe but the miſeries of his condition, this laſt were enough to exerciſe the vaſteſt memorie.

May not a man then maintaine with much reaſon, that the thought of *Death* alone is capable to cure our ſoules of the diſeaſe of their *paſſions* in doſeing them both the meanes, and the *Vertue* to triumph over them. But if of this you deſire an example, call to mind that, which I have propoſed you in the beginning of the Chapter. How marvellous is it that a great *Monarch*, who is able to hire up all manner of pleaſure in his heart, with all the delights, which accompany it; celebrates himſelfe his *Funeralls* in the miſt of his carriere of life, beginning to raigne at the end of his raigne, ſince that laſt obje&t is alwayes preſent before his eyes. His *Paſſions* doe aſſaile him, but hee vanquiſheth them, they give him combate, but he leads them in triumph, and buryes them altogether in the *Tombe*, which hee prepares himſelfe. Conſider a little the glory, which is relucient in this action.

We •

We read of the Kings of *Arabia*, that they triumphed upon Dromedaries, the Kings of *Persia* upon Elephants, of *Croatia* upon Bulls, the *Romanes* upon horses, and yet 'tis remarkt of *Nero*, that hee made himselfe be drawne in Triumph by foure Herma-phrodite Mares. *Camillus* by foure white Horses. *Marke Antony* by foure Lions, *Aurelian* by foure Hearts, *Cæsar* by forty Elephants *Heliogabalus* by foure Dogges.

Moreover, the Poets doe assure us, that the triumphant Charriot of *Bacchus* was drawne by Tygers, *Neptunes* by Fishes, of *Thetis* by Dolphins, *Diana's* by Harts, of *Venus* by Doves, *Iuno's* by Peacocks.

All these objects of pompe, and magnificence, whereof histories, and Fables would eternize the vanity, have for all that done nothing but passe away, and though a little remembrance of them stay with us; 'tis but the memoriall of a *Chimera*, and of a fantosme, since it preaches nothing else to us, but the ruine, and non-entity, of that which hath beene otherwise

This Vanitie is a most contagious maladie, and the onely preservative, is the remembrance of Death.

These things ruminated on, will make us wise.

while. O how glorious a Triumph is it, when wee our selves are encharioted over our passions, now enslaved and subjected under the Empire of Reason? There is nothing so glorious, there is nothing so magnificent: for these Dromedaries, these Elephants, these Bulls, these Horses, these Hermaphrodite Mares, these Lyons, Stags, and Tygres afore-mentioned, are but brute beasts, which draw along in traine after them others as brutish as themselves, as suffering themselves to be transported with vanitie, which onely reduceth them to this beastly-semlant vanitie.

Let us turne our face to another side.

SABELLICUS in his *ÆNNEADS*, actively perswades us to beleeeve, that the *Christians* of *Æthiopia* doe carry in their processions, great vessels full of ashes, to emblematize apparently the frailty of our nature. But may not wee say upon too much reason, that wee are earthen vessels full of ashes; and what object more sensibly can be presented before our eyes, to shew us the truth of our miseries, then this of our selves? From *Earth* is our production, and the

Let the fire of Divine Love glow upon our ashes.

same

same serves us with nourishment, and for sepulture also, as if ashamed the Sunne should afford his light to our wretchednesse.

Make we then every day *Funerall processions*, or at least visit in meditation every houre our *Tombe*, as the place where our bodyes must make so long abode. Celebrate we our selves our owne *Funerals*, and invite to our exequies, *Ambition, Avarice, Pride, Choller, Luxurie, Gluttony*, and all the other *Passions*, where-with we may be attained, to the end to be Conquerours, even by our owne proper defeat: For when a *Man* yeelds to the *Meditation of Death*, then *reason* commands *sense*; All obey to this apprehension of frailty, and feeblenesse. Pleasures by little and little abandon us, the sweets of life seeme sowre, and wee can find no other quiet, but in the hope of *that*, which Truth it selfe hath promised us, after so much trouble.

Proud Spirits, be ye Spectators of this *Funerall Pompe*, which this great *Monarch* celebrates to day: Hee invites the Heaven and the Earth to his *Exequies*, since in their view hee accompa-

nies

The thought of
our end is a so-
veraigne reme-
die against our
passions.

nies his pourtrayed *skeleton* unto the *Tombe* : his *Body* conducts thither its *shadow*, the originall the *painted figure* in attendance, till a *Metamorphosis* be made both of one and t'other. O *glorious action* ! where the *Living* takes a pride to appeare *Dead*, as dying alreadie by his owne choice, as well as necessitie. O *glorious action* ! where the *Triumph* takes a glory in the appearance of his overthrow. O *glorious action* ! where all the honour depends upon the contempt of the worlds honour. O *glorious action* ! where *Garlands of Cypresse* dispute the preheminnence with *Laurell* and *Palme*. O *glorious action* ! where the *Conquerour* under-going the *Lawes of Nature*, elevates himselfe above it, making his puiſſance to be admired, in his voluntarie weakenesse. *But I engage my selfe too farre in't.*

Herodotus remarks, that the *Queene Semiramis* made her *Sepulcher* be erected upon the entrances of the principall Gate of the **Citie*, to the end, that this *sad object of wretchednesse* might serve for *Schoole-master* to passengers, to teach them the *Art, to know themselves.*

* *Babylon.*

O blessed Lesson is that, which the *Tombes* can afford us ! O gracious Science is that, which they instruct us !

No better
Schoole then
the Church-
yard.

Strabo testifies, that the *Persians* made Pipes of dead-mens bones, which they used at *Festivals*; to the end, that the sad harmonie which issued thence, might temper the excessse of joy. But may not we say our *Lungs* to be to us such kind of *whistles*, and that our *dolorous sighs*, which produce thence the *harmonie*, are capable to moderate the violence of our contentments? A strange thing it is, that all the animated objects, which are affected by our *senses*, beare the image of *Death*, and yet wee never thinke but of *Life*. Let our eyes but fairely turne their regards on all sides, *All that lives*, they may see, *dyes*; and what ha's no *life*, passes away before'em. Our eares are tickled with the sweet harmonie of *Voices*, or *Instruments*, or *Tabor*, or *Trumpets*: But these *sounds* are but *Organs* spirited with *blasts*, whose borrowed wind is lost, when the motion ceaseth; and there behold the *Faile* of their *life*. And for *Instruments*, 'tis true they warble delightfully, yet their *melodie*

The object of our nothingness ha's a grace and allurements capable to ravish the best spirits.

Death is ever present, and at hand, to our heart, but still absent from our memorie.

lodie is often *dolefull* to the *mind*, when it considers that it proceeds from certaine guts of dead beasts, which *Art* hath so contrived. *Tabors* being of the same nature, must also necessarily produce the same effects; and *Trumpets* also doe but *sobbe* in our eares, since their *clangor* is forced onely by the violence of a *blast* of *sighs*: Our *Taste* cannot satiate the hunger of its appetite, but with dead and breathlesse things: and all our other senses are subject to the same necessitie. Insomuch, that *Death* environs us on all sides, though we be alwayes her owne, and yet wee never thinke on't, but in *extremities*: as if wee were onely to learne at the last instant, that wee are *Mortall*, and the *hard experience* which wee make on't, were the onely *Lesson*, which by *Nature* is given us.

L O R D render me capable, if it please thee, of this *Science*, which may *effectually* teach me the *Art*, to know my selfe; to the end, that this knowledge may represent to me alwayes the realitie of my wretchednesse. Make me that I may see my selfe, may understand and feele my

my selfe to dye every moment : but so, that I may see it with the eyes of my heart, perceive it with the eyes of my soule, and feele it by the sense of my conscience, therein to finde my repose and safetic. I know well, that Nature mournes uncessantly the death of its workes, which are devoured every houre by time ; and though no where thus can I see but *Sadneße* it selfe, yet ne'rethelesse remaine I insensible of the horror of these objects ; and though they be terrible, my spirit not affrighted. *Render* me therefore, if it please thee, *render me* fearefull, and make me even to tremble in thinking of it, since the thought of it is so important, and suffer me not to live a kind of Death, without meditating of that life which is exempt from Death, and whereof Eternitie is the Limit. All my votes doe terminate at this, and all my wishes, which I addresse to thy bounty, that I may one day see the effects of my hopes. *Let us advance on our first proposition.*

O how *celebrious*, and glorious is the *Triumph* over our selves ! Let us leave
the

*A Man hath no
greater enemy
then himselfe.*

* TOMYRIS.

*There is nothing
more vaine, then
Vaine-glory:
'tis a body with-
out soule or life,
having no substi-
tance, but in
Imagination,*

the Laurels, and Palmes to those famous Conquerours of Sea and Land. Their *Crownes* are now metamorphosed into *dust*, their renowne into wind, themselves into corruption, and for a surplussage of mishap after the conquest of the whole World, *they dye* in the miseries, whereunto they were borne.

Cyrus could not bound his Ambition lesse, then to the vast extention of the Universe; and yeta * *simple woman* onely prescrib'd him an allay, and placed his head in the range of his owne *Trophies*. Arthomides playes *Iupiter* upon Earth, his portraict is the onely Idoll of his subjects: and yet oneturne of the wheele casts him a sacrifice upon the same altar, which hee had erected to his Glory, his life glistering with triumphs, but his death in such a ruine, clouded even the memory of his name. All those stately *Triumphers*, of whom *Antiquity* trumpets-out wonders, have had no other recompence of their labours, but this *vaine* conceipt, *that one day men would talke of them*. But what felicity is it to be *praised* in *this world*, to which they are dead, and tormented in the

the other, wherein they live even yet, and ever. *I care very little, that men should talke of me after my Death, the esteeme of men is of so small importance, that I would not buy it so deare, as with a wish onely.* It behooves to search reputation in the puritie of the conscience, if a man would have the glory of it *last for ever.* The renowne of a good man is much greater, then that of *Cesar* or *Alexander*; for this has no other foundation, then the soyle where it was sowed, and where the goodlyest things display themselves like flowers, and like flowers also have but a *morning-flourish*: But the other having for a firme stay *Eternitie*, this object ennobleth it to perfection, and thus desiring nothing else but heaven, it remaines to us at the end for recompence.

The renowne
of a good man
onely lasts al-
wayes

Blondus in his Treatise of *Rome*, in its triumphant glory, reckons up three hundred and twenty triumphs, all remarkable: but where are now these pompes, these magnificences, this infinite number of Trophies, and a thousand other ornaments, which rattled

N

out

'Tis some comfort yet to a wise man, though himselfe fade away, to see that all things else doe so too.

out their glory. Where are I say these Conquerours ? where are their slaves ? their Idolaters, their admirers ? These pompes have but flash't like lightning, and so passed away with the day, that accompanied their lustre. These magnificences have beene but scene, and so tooke their passage in flight. These trophies being onely bravadoes of the time, times inconstancy made them vanish in an instant, & all those other ornaments made but ostentation of their continuall vicissitude, as being an inseparable accident of their nature. These vanquishers onely had the name on't, since *Death* led them away also in triumph, for all their triumphings. Their *captives* were rather slaves of the miseries whereunto they were borne, then so by the absolute power of him who *captived* thē. Their Idolaters have beene immolated to the fury of yeeres, which spare none ; and their admirers have incurred the same fate with the subject, which they admired : Inasmuch, that of all together, remains nothing but a faint remembrance, which as it waxeth old, is effac't by
little

little and little out of memory, and scarcely will it subsist so much in the imagination, as to be in the end buried among fables. Behold here the *Anatomic* of the glory of the world, see the true portraict of its false Image. Contemplate, meditate, you will avouch with me, that *All is full of vanitie.*

Since Eternitie
onely triumphs
over Time, wee
should onely
strive to attain
that.

O how stately and magnificent is the Triumph of Ages! what trophies may a man see at their ever-rowling Chariot! what Conquerours are not in the number of their subjection? what soveraigne power can resist their violence? what newer Triumph then this of yeares? Who can give in account the number of their victories, and lesse the captives which *Death* serves in for their trophies? What newer triumph againe evermore then of *moneths*, of *dayes*, of *houres*, and *moments*? For consider to your selfe, how many Kings, Princes, and Lords, die in oneage in all the places of the world. All these vanquishers are vanquishd, and led in triumph to the grave. Every Yeare makes its conquest a part, gives battell, and carryes away the victory

*A righteous
man onely stands
exempt from the
terror of death.*

*A good con-
science is ever
under shelter
from all the in-
constant tempests
of ages.*

over so many, and so many men, that hardly can one conceive so lamentable a truth; Months, Dayes, Houres, and Moments, triumph in their courses; who can number all those who dyed yesterday out-right, or are dead to day? Nay more, how many dye at this houre, and at this *very instant*, that I entertaine you with this discourse. And all these defeats of *mortalitie* mark out to us the Triumphs, whereof time onely beares away the glory: But let us not pretend to share in't, 'tis not worthy our Ambition. Let *Ages, Yeeres, Moneths, Dayes, Houres, and Moments*, triumph over us: Vertue alwayes limits their puissance, and with it wee may prescribe a bound to all these Triumphants. Faire leave may they take to ruinate out-ward beauty, but that of innocence is of prooffe 'gainst all their strokes. Well may they impair outward graces; but those of heaven contemne their assaults. No doubt they may change the visage of all the *marvels of Art*, and miracles of Nature: Our Resolution is a rocke in midst of all their stormes, and may remaine

maine alwayes it selfe without under-
going other rules then its owne. So
that thus wee may lead Time it selfe
along in triumph, if wee live for no-
thing more then for *Eternitie*.

I scorne the Tyranny of Ages, my
ayme is beyond'em all. I despise the
power of yeeres, my Ambition raignes
already out of their reach. Let Months,
Dayes, Houres, and Moments, en-
traile all things along with'em; I for
my part, franchise their carriere, since
my scope is much more farther yet.
Let them triumph fully, my very de-
feat shall lead them in triumph at the
end of their terme, for the eternity
whither I aspire, already assignes out
their tombe. *Let us stay no longer in so
cragged a way.*

*He which lives
for eternitie,
dreads no death.*

The Emperour *Trajan* caused his
Sepulcher to be enfram'd in the midst
of *Rome's* greatest place, as upon a state-
ly Theater, on which his successors
were to act their parts. Every man dies
for himselfe; *sooner or later wee must
arrive to the place, to which unceßantly
wee walke.* Be it to morrow, or today,
at the end of the terme all's equall.

*Serius aut ci-
tilis mortem
proferamus
ad unam.*

Nor old nor yong can marke the difference in their course, being arrived to the end of their carriere, for a hundred Ages when past, and one instant make but the same thing. 'Tis onely necessary to mize of our last gift in the grave, since thither we runne till wee are out of breath, from moment to moment.

The *Trojans* would have the burying-places of their Princes to be in the most remarkable place of the City, to the end, that this sad object might serve as a fixt *Memento* to remembrance them, that the Tragedie, which had beene acted by these yesterday, might againe be represented by some other to day.

The Philosophers know that objects move the faculties, and that according to the quality of their impressions, they worke upon the spirits, which contemplate them. Let us say now, that of all the direfull objects, which are presented to our eyes, there is none more powerfull o're our apprehensions, then this of *Meditation of Death*, and the horror of the grave.

The

*Places of buriall
are sad Theaters,
where every
day are acted
none but Tragedies.*

The most couragious yeeld themselves to these assaults, the most valiant resist nor their violences. All droop at approach of an enemy so redoubtable. But our defeat, if rightly carryed, is more glorious then our Triumph. What successe is this, by being overcome, to beare away the crowne of victory? such submission is a marke of Sovereignty.

Petrus Gregorius tells us of the Emperour *Charles* the first, that hee caused his winding head-kercher to be carryed before him for a standard in all his Armyes, six yeeres before he dyed, to the end, that the continuall object of his greatnesse, might not be too powerfull to tempt him to misconceive himselfe.

We doe the same every day, without thinking on't, for our *shirts* are in a manner as so many *winding-sheets*, which wee carry alwayes with us in all places where we goe: But if this sad object be not enough to moderate our ambition, and rebate our vanity, this voluntary is inseparable from paine, we must needs undergoe the Law,

If the meditation of death make not a sinner change his life, nothing will doe it.

*'Tis best to let
Death be wel-
come to us, since
'tis inevitable.*

which wee impose upon our selves.

L O R D suffer me not, if it please thee, so farre to mistake my selfe, as never to come to the point of meditating of this blessed Decree, which thou hast imposed on me, to dye one day. But illuminate my spirit with the light of thy grace, which may stead me as a *Pharos*, to shew me the haven of the *grave*, where the ship of my life must put ashore. Make me also, if it please thee, to be ignorant of all things else, but the knowledge to live *well*, that I may also *dye so*; and thus, let the miseries which accompany me, the mishaps that follow me, and all the other afflictions which thy goodnesse hath subjected me to, be the ordinary objects of my thoughts, to the end, that I stray not from the way of my salvation. And now have I no other passion, but to see the effects of these prayers. *Let us goe to the end.*

*The Combat
ought alwayes to
precede the Vi-
ctorie, and the
Victorie the
Triumph.*

Those that have averred, that the world is tous an hostile Army, composed of so many Souldiers as there are objects in nature, capable to agitate

tate the power of our passions, had very good reasons to defend the truth of their *Thesis*. These objects of it make warre against us continually, with all the assaults, inventions, and stratagems of a cruell enemy. *Beautie*, that assaults our soules, by the way of our eyes, with as much cunning as force; for at first view, it amuseth the *Sence* with admiration, by a slight of complacence, to which its sweets and allurements insensibly engage it. Afterwards the *Sensus Communis*, receiving the faire *Species* of the *Idea* of this faire enemy, presents them to the *Fancie*, the *Fancie* to the *Vnderstanding*, which after it hath examined them according to its capacitie, offers them to the *Will*, which by a naturall apprehension, findes it selfe obliged to love the subject from whence these amiables doe proceed. And now then it is the *Cue* of Reason, ether to condemne or authorize this Love; but most often that becomes charmed it selfe, and wee vanquish'd. Not that Reason is not sufficiently strong and powerfull, but whereas its force and vertue depends

*Our passions
are the flatter-
ing'st enemies
of the world,
for they assault
us with those
faint satisfaction
to us,
as may seeme
most agreeable;
and thus they are
most to be feared.*

*We cannot justly
complain of our
defeat, since 'tis
voluntary.*

pendes meerely upon grace, the contempt which ordinarily it makes of this, renders both alike unprofitable. This is that which obliges us in all these conflicts, to implore the helpe of heaven, rather then to trust upon our strengths, and evermore to have a jealous eye to this our subtile enemy, which yet can never get other advantage upon us, then that which our wretchednesse suffers it to acquire.

The very fairest objects of the world, may well enforce admiration, but not love, since love cannot be formed in our hearts, but by a powerfull reflexion of the amiable qualities which are found in the subject, and in this it is necessary, that the understanding doe operate, and the will consent. And this cannot be done without a free deliberation, which wee absolutely authorize. Inasmuch, that we cannot be overcome, if we rush not in to't with desire of our owne overthrow. And this not so neither, as if there were no trouble in the resistance; but rather 'tis a way to acquire much more glory in the victory over beauteous objects,

objects, by the power of reason, which is more troublesome and difficult, then that which one gets o're an enemy by force of armes. But the honour also surpasseth alwayes the difficulty, and what paine soever a man can possibly take, the Prize and Crowne at last can admit of no comparison.

*The rewards
which God hath
prepared after all
our troubles,
doe infinitely sur-
passe our deserts.*

Wee must then bravely combate those proud *beauties*, which make publick profession to enchain our *hearts* in irons, and put our soules upon the rack, and let them see, to their confusion, that the naturall Magicke of their charmes is to us a new Art of Logicke, which informes us to make Arguments, both to give for granted their power, and yet destroy their force. Faire leave have they to *expose to view* their blandishments, and graces: the light of *Reason* produceth a livelyer Day, whose luster duskes the midday-splendour; for by the ayde of this light a man may see, that all their quaintnesses are but dawblings, their delicacies but artifice, and their attractives, but onely composed by distillatories. And how can one Idolatrize them then,

He commands
best, that can
obey reason.

then, after meditationall presentment of these verities? Behold the onely meanes to prescribe a rule over these Sovereignes, who would impose it on the whole world. Not that this kind of combate requires force of courage, but rather of prudence, after first a misprise of them to fly away; and not to put the victory into hazard.

There are yet other enemies, which render themselves as redoutable as the former, such are *Ambition, riches, &c.* what meanes is there to resist them, or to speake better, to vanquish them? they have no lesse allurements, and sweets, then the *beauties* afore-spoken of, and though the force of them be different, they cease not ne'rethelesse, to excite and move the passions with all sort of violence.

Ambition ha's its particular delicacies, and charmes, to ravish mens hearts, and soveraignize o're their soules; and I beleeve, that its Empire extends it selfe farre beyond that of *Love*: for all the world is not capable of this latter *passion*, but of the other every man has a smatch from that defect,

fect, from our originall, wherewith a man is tainted. And this passion is so much the more to be feared, as it is naturall, and growing up with us in measure as wee grow our selves. The meanes to vanquish it, is to study to *know ones-selfe*, and thus plainly to see the frailty of our foundation.

What *Ambition* can a man have, that knowes the number of the greatest part of the miseries and mishaps which accompanie his life? To what can he pretend, being not able to dispose of one onely moment? Nay, what can he wish for beyond himselfe, since for any long time together, hee ha's not strength enough to looke downe to his owne feete? What high ayme can hee give his designs, since all his thoughts, his desires, and hopes, have their limited scope beyond his power, as depending upon the *Future*, whereof hee cannot dispose. All lyes then in this, to know our selves, that is, to consider the certainties thus sensible, both of our defects and infirmities.

The Passion for Riches is alwayes
extreame,

*Vanitie is bred
and borne with
us, but 'tis in our
choise, whether to
let it ever keepe
us companie.*

*'Tis the best my-
sterie of all hu-
mane Trade, to
learne to die
dayly, and in this
Vocation they
that are active
apprentises,
are Masters.*

extreame, allowing no moderation in our hearts. 'Tis a kind of hydropicke maladie, wherein thirst increaseth the more one drinks. A rich man of ten thousand pounds a yeere, wisheth thirtie thousand, and if perhaps hee see the effects of his desires, hee soone conceives *new ones*, being never able to find content in the enjoyment of the goods which hee already possesseth.

That temperament of spirit, which Philosophie teacheth us to live *content* in, whatsoever condition a man is in, is a vertue so chaste, that it suffers it selfe to be possess'd by no body in this age, wherein wee are; not that a man cannot enjoy it, but 'tis to be sought in the purity of the conscience, rather then in the world, where it is unknowne but onely barely in name.

This greedy passion of heaping treasure upon treasure, is so proper to our criminall and corrupt nature, that a man cannot guard himselfe from it, without a speciall helpe from *Heaven*. Since that robbery, which our *first Parents* made in the terrestriall Paradise,

The true knowledge of Vertue, would soone insinuate its love.

dise, all our thoughts and hopes are so theevish, that they would rob the future of those goods, which we wish for then, making no esteeme of those which wee already possesse; our hearts sigh unceasingly with impatience, in attendance of a new acquist. What remedy now is there to cure so contagious a malady, whose insensible dolour makes us often contemne a remedy? what meanes I say, to triumph over a passion so strong and puissant, and to which our nature it selfe lends a hand? 'Tis certainly an action of study, where reason with time must get the advantage. It is necessary to consider every time that this desire to amasse riches, doth presse and force us; what shall we doe with all these *treasures*, after wee have heapt them up? To leave them to our *heires*, it is to make them rich with our owne losse, which they too perhaps will laugh at, in the possession. 'Tis I say, to damne our selves for others profit, as if we had never lived for our selves. To carry them into the grave with us, is to have laboured for wormes: what shall then become on 'em? Wee must of necessity leave them behind.

O

Povertie of Spirit is the greatest riches.

'Tis the best providence in this world, to lay up treasures for t'other.

O cruell necessity ! but yet most sweet and pleasing in its continuall meditation , since it teaches us to under-value all that may be lost.

There are a great number of other Passions , which may master us with the same violence, according to the disposition of the predominating humour which possesseth us ; such are *Choler, Envie, Detraction, &c.* but with the only force of Reason, assisted with the usuall grace, which concurs in all good actions , we may easily be able to triumph over them.

We reade of *Pyrrander* King of *Egypt*, that being one day in choler against one of his slaves, he heard a clap of thunder so terrible, that he became suddenly quite appeased ; as if he had had this thought, that the Gods were angry with his fury, since they clamoured louder then hee. Let us have often the same thoughts, but with more truth and illumination, every time that this blind passion would exercise over us its tyrannie. My meaning is , that in the violentest heat of our choler , wee lend an eare of imagination to the noise of the thunder of divine

vine Justice, that thus we may be appeased at the same time, for *what ground have we to be armed with fury, against our neighbours, when heaven is animated with iust vengeance against our selves?*

'Tis a good method, first to feare God, then to love him.

The Passion of *Envy* as blacke as hell, & the most criminal of all together proceeds from an invenomed mischievousnes, to which nature contributes nothing at all. 'Tis a devillish passion, whose fury & rage keepes the soule in fetters, and whose theevish jealousie robs away the goods of others in a hounding after em, & yet possessees none of em. What meanes is there then to vanquish this untameable vice? No other but this, to consider the Justice of that *adorable Providence* which imparts never its favours and graces, but with weight & measure. *God cannot doe but iustly, since his Iustice is no other then himselfe.* Then if this man have 10000 pounds a yeere, and I but a 100, whereof can I complaine? shall I doubt the reason from Reason it selfe? shall I accuse Justice of Injustice? To take for granted, that the Sovereigne of all does what hee will, and the Almighty what he pleaseth, I will alwayes relye to that
O ballance

Enviours men are most their owne enemies, and rob themselves of the & owne quiet

The envious
man is never in
health, tortured
with the Heſtick-
Feaver of this
ever-burning
paſſion.

ballance, which God beares in his hand, and by which himſelfe weigheth his actions to the poize of his will, and conſequently to the meaſure of his Juſtice. What objection can be made againſt this truth?

Envious *Maligner*, adore that, which thou canſt not comprehend, and then inſtead of pining for the goods, which thou enjoyeſt not; give thanks to heaven for thoſe which thou poſſeſteſt, and how ſmall ſome- ever they be, they are ever great enough to amuze thee all thy life-long to the ſtudy of thankfull acknowledg- ment.

The Paſſion of *Detraction* is eaſily overcome by a freſh conſideration of our owne proper defects, for of all the Vices whereof wee accuſe one another, our hearts may convince us. If I call a man theefe, am not I a greater theefe then hee, ſince againſt the Lawes of charity I rob him of his honour by this injury? Suppose he be a falſe villaine, yet in calling him by this name, I betray the ſecret, which his fault ſhould in charity impoſe upon me. But if he be nothing ſo; loe I my ſelfe am now

a Traytor both at once of his reputation, and mine owne conscience. There is no fault more unpardonable, then this of *Obloquie*, and in regard that for a just expiation of the crime, it is fitting that the tongue which did the hurt, should give the remedy.

Thou *Detraitor*, if thou canst not moderate thy passion, speake ill onely of thy selfe, *Study* thine owne vices, *Meditate* thine owne faults, and *Accuse* thy selfe of them before heaven, which is already witnesse of thy crimes; and by this way of reproaching, thou shalt obtaine one day to be praised eternally. *Behold mee now at the end of the Chapter.*

After all these particular remedies with which a man may learne easily to resist the tyranny of the Passions, there is none more soveraigne then this of the *Meditation of Death*. All the rest abbut at this onely, as the most authorized, by daily experience.

Great Kings, suffer your selves to be led in triumph by your owne thoughts to the grave, and by the way consider how your greatnesse, your riches,

'Tis more important to learne to hold one's peace, then to hold-up the talke.

He which often muzzes of Death, will every day learne to live well,

* Caliditas,
Frigiditas,
Humiditas,
Siccitas.

Pleasures make
us grow old, as
well as griefes.

your delights, and all the magnificence of your Court, follow you step by step, being brought along by the same fate, whose absolute Tyranny spares none. And since you may *dye every houre*, think at the least sometimes of this *truth*, to the end that *that houre* of your lifes dy-
all *surprize* you not. Much good doe't you to nourish up your selves delici-
ously, yet all these *Viands* wherewith you repast your selves *are empoysoned*, as containing in'em the **foure contrary qua-*
lities, whose discord puts into skirmish your humours, and *this battell* is an in-
fallible presage of your overthrow: wel may you chase away *Melancholy*, by ver-
tue of fresh *pleasures*, these *very content-*
ments cheat away your life, for though you thinke of nothing but how to passe a-
way the *time*, it *passes* ere you think on't, & *Death* comes before you have forseen his arrivall. Well may you cocker up your bodyes, content your senses, and satiate the appetite of your desires: the Taper of your life has its limited course, as well as that of the day. Every man pursues his carriere, according to the inviolable Lawes of hea-
ven,

ven, which hath assigned 'em out at once, both the way, and the bounds. Suffer *Time* to lead you by the hand to the *Tombe*, for feare he hale you thither. But in dying muze at least of that *Life*, which never shall have end. All the felicities which you have posselt, are vanished with the flower of your age, and all those which you will yet enjoy, will flye away with the rest. What will remaine with you then, at the last instant of your life, but an irksome remembrance, to have tasted a thousand pleasures, which are past, and to have lost so many meanes of having had others, which would have lasted eternally. *Disinvest* your selves then, for one houre every day, of all your greatnesse, and in the presence of your owne selves, meaning in review of all your miseries, & mishaps, which are proper to you, *confesse the truth of your nullitie*, and of your *corruption*; by this search you shall recover your selves, and by this confession thus shall you Triumph o're your selves.

Fata volentem
ducunt, no-
lentem tra-
hunt.

Those pleasures
cost very deare,
which are worth
nothing but re-
pentance.



A P R O L V S I O N

upon the E M B L E M E
of the last Chapter.

Viewing the Ranges of a Librarie
Of Dead-men's bones pil'd in a Cœmitarie,
Great ALEXANDER findes Diogenes,
And thus they Dialogue.

Alex. Cynick, among these

Ruines of fraile Mortalitie, what do'st looke?

Diog. For that, wherein I feare to be mistooke,
I seeke thy Father PHILIP'S Scull among
This pell-mell undistinguishable Throng.

Alex. Let's see, which is it? shew me. (Diog.) Sure'tis that,
Whose nose is bridge-falne.

Alex. Dead-men's all are flat.

Diog. Why then'tis that where shrowds perpetuall night,
Cav'd in those hollow eye-holes, void of sight.

Alex. Still all are so,

Diog. Why'tis yon' skinlesse brow,
Chap-falne, lip-sunke, with teeth-disfranked row,
Tond' peeled scalpe

Alex. Thus still all are alike.

Diog. So shall both You and I, and let this strike,

Thy

Thy knowledge ALEXANDER, and *Thy fence,*
'Twixt King and slave once Dead's no difference.

L'envoy.

THere is no difference, *Death* hath made *Mors*
 Equall'the *Scepter*, and the *Spade*. *sceptra*
 Noe Dreader *Majestie* is now *ligoni-*
 I'th' Royall *Scalp*, then *Rustick* brow. *bus æ-*
 Faire *NEREV'S* has no beauteous grace, *quat.*
 More then *Thersites'* ugly face, *Hor.*
 Now *both* are dead, odds there is none
 Betwixt the *fair'st*, and *fowlest* One.
 Tell me among't the hudled pile
 Of *Dead-mens bones*, which was ere while
 The subtil'st *Lawyer's*, or the Dull
 And *Ignorantian* Empty Skull?
 Was yond' some valourous *Samsons* arme?
 Or one that ne're drew *sword* for harme.
 Or winke and tell me, which is which,
Irus the poore, or *Cræsus* rich?
 What are they now, who so much stood
 On *Riches*, *Honours*, and high *Blood*?
 Ther's now no Difference, with the *Dead*
 Distinctions all are buried,
 Onely the Soule as *ill*, or *well*,
 Is *Diffrenc't* or in *Heaven*, or *Hell*.

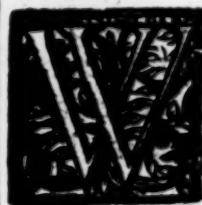


Alexander, and Diogenes discoursing among the
Sepulchers of the Dead, the Cynick tells the King,
That in the Graue, Monarchs and Meaner Men
are all alike.



THE
MIRROVR
WHICH
FLATTERS NOT.

CHAP. IV.



What a horrid Spectacle is this? what a frightfull object? See you not this great number of *Dead Mens skulls*, which heap'd one upon another, make a mountaine of horror, and affright, whose balefull, and contagious umbrage, insensibly invites our bodies on to the grave. What a *viſorie* is this over these? but what an inhumanitie? what a defeate? but what a butchery. May wee not say, that fury and rage, have

Death is a se-
vere ludge, and
garden now.

have assassinated, even Natures-selfe, and that we now alone remaine in the world, to celebrate its funerals by our lamentations, and regreets. *Fathers, Mothers, Children, Nobles, and Plebeians, Kings,* and their *subjects* are all pell-mell in this stacke of rotten wood, which Time like a covert, but burning fire consumes by little and little, not able to suffer, that *ashes* should be exalted above *dust*.

Proud Spirits, behold here the dreadfull reverse of the medall. All these sad objects of mortality, and yet actively animated, with horror & affright, by their own silence enioyne the *same* to you thus to amuze your *Spirits* in the contemplation of their deplorable ruines. If you be *rich*, See here those, who have possessed the greatest treasures of the world, are *not now worth* the marrow of their owne bones, whereof the wormes have already shared the spoyle. If you be *happy*; The greatest favorites of fortune, are reduced to the same *noysomnesse* as you see the filth that enrounds them. If you be *valiant*, *Hector*, and *Achilles*, are thus here overcome, behold the shamefull

shamefull markes of their overthrow. If you be men of *Science*, Here lyes the most learned of the world. 'Tis the *Epitaph* on their tombe, *Reade it.*

Death may be
contemned, but
not avoided.

I grant more-over, you may be the greatest *Princes* of the earth. An infinite number of your companions are buried under these corrupted ruines. Suppose in fine, that your *Soveraignty* did extend it selfe over all the *Empire* of the world; A thousand and a thousand too of your *semblables*, have now nothing more their owne, then that *corruption*, which devoures, even to the very bones.

Ambitious Heart, see here a *Mirroure* which flatters not, since it represents to the life the reality of thy *miserie*s. Well maist thou perhaps pretend the conquest of the *Universe*; even those, who have borne away that universall *Crowne*, are now crowned, but with *dust*, and *ashes*.

'Tis no wonder
the Miser ne're
thinks of Death,
his thoughts are
onely taken up for
his Life.

Covetous wretch, behold the booke of thy accounts, calculate all that is due to thee, after payment of thy debts: learne yet after all this, that thy *soule* is already *morgaged* to devils, thy *body* to wormes,

wormes, and thus, notwithstanding all thy treasures, there will not abide with thee one haire upon thy head, one tooth in thy chops, nor one drop of blood in thy veynes, nor ne're so little marrow in thy bones, nay the very memory of thy being, would be *extinguish'd* if thy crimes did not render it *eternall*, both here, and in the torments of hell.

Proud arrogant man, measure with thy bristled browes, the dilatation of the earth, *Brave* with thy menacing regards the heavens, and the starres. These *mole-hills* of rottennesse, whereof thy *carkasse* is shap't, prepare toward the tombe of thy vanity. These are the shades of *Death* inseparable from thy body, since it *dies every houre*. If thou elevate thy selfe to day, even to the clouds; to morrow thou shalt be debased to nothing. But if thou doubt of this truth, behold here a thousand witness which have made experience of it.

Luxurious wanton, give thy body a prey to voluptuousnesse, deny nothing to thy pleasures; but yet consider the horror, and dreadfulness of that *Metamorphosis*, when thy flesh shall be turned

*Pride is but like
the noone-flou-
rish of a flower,
which at Sun-
set perisbeth.*

Seneca Epist.

*Quotidie mori-
mur,quotidie
enim demitur
aliqua pars
vitæ.*

all
th
th
in

hed to *filth*, and even *that* to wormes,
and those still to *fresh ones*, which shall
devoure even thy *coffin*, and so efface
the very *last* markes of thy *Sepulture*.

How remarkable is the answer of Diogenes to Alexander? What art thou musing on, *Cynicke*, says this *Monarch* to him one day, having found him in a *Charnell-yard*, I amuze my selfe here (answers he) in search of thy father *Phillips* bones among this great number, which thou see'st; but my labour is in vaine, for one differs not from another.

Great Kings, the discusse of this answer, may serve you now as a fresh instruction, to insinuate to you the knowledge of your selves. You walke in triumph to the Tombe, followed with all the traine of your ordinary magnificences: but being arrived at this Port, blowne thither with the continuall gale of your sighs, your *pompe* vanishes away, your *Royall Majestie* abandons you, your greatnesse gives you the *last Adieu*, and this your mortall fall *equals you now*, to all that were below you. The dunghill of your body, hath no preheminence above others, unlesse it be in a *worse degree*

Corruptio op-
timi pessima.

The serious medi-
tation of his mi-
serable condi-
tion, is capable
to make any man
wise.

In Mercurie
Octavo.

gree of rottennesse, as being of a matter more disposed to corruption : But if you doubt of this truth, behold and contemplate the deplorable estate, to which are reduced your semblables. Their bald scalps have now no other Crowne, then the circle of horreur, which environes them ; their disincarnated hands hold now no other Scepter, but a pile of worms, and all these wretchednesses together, give them to see a strange change, from what they were in all the glories of their Court. These palpable and sensible objects, are witnesses not to be excepted against. Let then your soules submit to the experiment of your senses.

But what a Prodigie of wonder's here! doe I not see, the great Army of Xerxes, reduced and metamorphosed into a handfull of dust ? All that world of men in those dayes, which with its umbragious body, covered a great part of the earth, shades not so much as a foot on't with its presence. Be never weary of thinking of these important truths.

Seneca in the Tragedie of Hercules brings in Alcmena, with grievous lamentation, bearing in an urne, the ashes of that

that great *Monster-Tamer* ; And to this effect makes her speake; *Behold, how easily I carry him in my hand, who bore the Heavens upon his shoulders.* The sense of these wordes, ought to engage our spirits to a deepe meditation upon the vanity of things, which seeme to us most durable. All those great Monarchs who sought an *immortalitie* in their victories and triumphs, have mis't that, and found *Death* at last, the enjoyment of their Crownes and splendours, being buried in the same *Tombe* with their bodies. See here then a new subject of astonishment.

The Mathematicians give this Axiome, All lines drawne from the Center to the Circumference are equall. *Kings & Princes*, abate your haughtines, your subjects march fellow-like with you to the Center of the grave. If life gave you preheminance; *Death* gives them now equality. There is now no place of affectation, or range to be disputed: the heap of your ashes, and their dust, make together but one *hillocke* of mould, whose infection is a horreur to me. *I am now of humour not to flatter you a whit.*

Wee

Ecce vix totam *Hercules* Complexivit urnam, quam leve est pondus mihi, Cui totus æther pondus incubuit leve?

The world is a Game at Chess, where every of the Set ha's his particular Name and Place designed: but the Game done, all the Pieces are pell-mell'd into the Bagge: and even so are all mortals into the grave.

We read of the *Ethiopians*, that they buried their Kings in a kind of *Le-stall*: and I conceive there of no other reason, then according to the nature of the subject, they joyned by this action, the shadow and the substance, the effect with the cause, the stream with its source; for what other thing are we then a masse of mire, dryed and bak'd by the fire of life; but scattered againe and dissolv'd by the Winter of *Death*; and in that last putrefaction, to which *Death* reduceth us, the filth of our bodyes falls to the durt of the earth, as to its center, for so being conceived in corruption, let us not thinke strange to be buried in rottenesse.

'Tis well men
bide themselves
after death in the
Earth, or the
enclosure of
Tombes, their
filth and noysom-
nesse would else
be too discovert.

Earth, dust, and ashes, remaine still the same, be it in a vessell of gold, or in a coffin of wood, or in a *Mausolean Tombe* of marble. Great Kings, well may you cover your wretchednesse, with a magnificent Sepulcher, they will for all this not alter condition, the noysomnesse of your bones is never without the abhorrement, and putrefaction proper to them. And if (suppose) their masse

masse be reduced into dust, and the wind carry it away, the very wings of the wind are laden with rottenesse, and can scatter nothing else in a thousand places, where ere they fall. *I will a little straggle out the way without loosing my ayme.*

Fabius Paulus reports, that upon the Tombe of *Isocrates*, there was a Syren seated upon a *Ram*, and holding a *Harp* in her hand. And this gave to understand, That this famous Orator charmed mens soules through their eares, by the sound of his admirable eloquence. But whereas no melodious ayre was heard from the mute Harp of this Syren, it was required of the Spectators, to take for granted in Imagination, the harmony of her sweet touches, as embleme of the sweetnesse of this great Orators voyce: But Death imposeth silence on both, and thus remained they a sad sight, both in object, and mysteries contained under; since now of these passages remaines no more but a weake remembrance, and whereof Time by little, and little effaceth even the *Ideas*.

How unsufferable is the vanity of men, who even upon their Tombes, will have the display of their vaine glory.

Iohannes Baptista Fontanus relates, that

P

upon

upon the Sepulcher of *Q. Martius* there was graven a *Ramme* supported upon the two fore-feet, and a *Hare* dead by its side. The *Ramme* represented the generosity of this great *Captaine* in all combats, and the dead *Hare*, his *vanquish't* enemies: But what honour now remaines him after their defeat? This vanquisher of an infinite number of miserable wretches, is at the last overcome with his owne miseries. Though Triumphant in a thousand combats, *one marble Stone* now contains all his trophies, and glory. O deplorable fate! to have but seven foot-earth, after conquest of the greatest part of the earth.

Plutarch assures us, that upon the Tombe of *Alexander*, there was represented in Embleme *Asia*, and *Europe*, appearing vanquish't, and in the chaines of their captivity, with this *mot*, which served as a fresh Trophy, *The victorie of Alexander*. O poore victorie! O sorry triumph! for where are now its Laurels, and Palms? This great *Monarch* conquered the whole world, but being never able to conquer

conquer his ambition, This in the end,
hath taken away all the glory, which
it made him acquire. Great Princes,
advance then on to the conquest of the
Universe, but I advertise you one thing,
All those that are returned from the
same action, have much repented
themselves, to have taken so great
paynes for so small a matter. * *The
Game's not worth the Candle*, as the Pro-
verb. But if you love to Conquer, and
triumph; your passions will furnish
you with such subject every houre;
Let's once see the end of our carriere.

*The misp-ise of
the world is more
glorious then all
its honours.*

* *Le jeu ne
vaut pas la
chandelle.*

We read of *Cyrus*, that he caus'd to
be engraven these words upon the
stone of his Monument, *HERE
LYES THE CONQUEROVR
OF THE PERSIANS*. But what
excesse of mishap could have reduced
so great a Monarch to such an excesse
of wretchednesse, must it be said? *Here
lies*, of one that lately stood so trium-
phant? Would hee have men admire
his past glory in view of that vault,
where he was enterred? would he have
men adore the magnificences of his
Life upon the same Altar, where Death

exhibits him as a *viſtime*? Is not this a vanity more worthy of compaſſion, then envy?

'Tis but a poore ſatisfaction to, have for recompence of ſo much paines, but the oſtentation of a glorious Sepulcher.

The *Hiſtory* of the life of *Themistocles* was to be read upon the marble of his Sepulcher, but 'twas forgotten, there to depaint alſo the ſtory of his *Death*. Behold the high deeds of *Themistocles*, this was the inſcription. But to us it may be of importance to conſider, that although the wonders, which he had done, were onely graven upon the port of his Monument, yet for all that, they alſo made their entrie into it, and followed the fate of their author: ſo that now reſts nothing of *Themistocles*, but *Name*, for of all that hee hath done, the wind hath carryed away the glory, and the ſmall remembrance on't, which ſticks by us, is but a portraict of *vanitie*.

Joſh. 10. 12.

There was represented upon the Tombe of *Joſhua*, the *Sunne* with this inſcription. *Sunne ſtand thou ſtill upon Gibeon*. True it is, the *Sunne* ſtood ſtill in the mid'ſt of his carriere, to give full Triumph to this great Captaine over his enemies: But after they were

over-

overthrowne, this *Planet* jealous of his glory conducts him also to his grave, as not enduring to see any thing upon earth, as durable as it selfe. So true it is, that *all things here flit away, with the swiftnesse of a Torrent* - though their flight to us seeme much more slow.

There is no course swifter, then that of Life to Death.

* Sit fidespene's Authorem.

The *Epitaph*, which some *writings report us of *Adam*, has not so much splendour and magnificence, as the others. *Hee is Dead*, sayes his Epitaph, speaking onely of him. O excellent Epitaph! Men shall say no more of you one day, *Great Kings*. Well may you with *Q. Martius* come off victorious from all combats, and enter in triumph into Cities with *Alexander*. Well may you cause to be insculpt the History of your *Acts*, upon the marble of your Sepulchers, like as *Themistocles*; and may you *Sub-pœna* the *Sun* for a witnessse of the reality of your triumphs, like *Iosuah*: Yet for all this, men shall say no more of you, then was said of *ADAM*, *HEE IS DEAD*. *They are dead*, and there is all.

The Epitaph of *David* composed

by some, from consequence of Scripture, is worthy remarke: *Here lyes the invincible Monarch, who in his child-hood o'recame Beares, in his adolescence Lyons, in his youth Gyants, and in his age himselfe. Travellour envie not his repose, for thou art in the way to it thy selfe.* These words are expresse in a neere regard to the sense of those, which are couch't in Scripture upon this subject, and I thereto can adde no more then this discurse of my astonishment, and rapture.

What! so great a Prince as *David*, favoured by heaven, and redoubred upon earth, and so endowed by Nature, shall he glympse out a little but like a flash of lightning, and passe away like a puffe of wind? where then shall a man find constancy and assurance? What can be the site and foundation of all these our new wonders of the world, whose beaury seemes to contest for luster with the very Sunnet? O L O R D, to me it is a most agreeable consolation, to see in my race to the tombe, how all things follow me. I am well apayd, that there is nothing here below durable,

Inconstancy is the
only foundation
of created things.

ble, but thy word alone, since this makes me hope for an *Eternitie*, which shall never be subject to the inconstancy of times. Let all things *L O R D* change with me, and thus I love this change, for in rowling along, from time to time toward the grave, *I still approach towards thee*, and consequently to my soveraigne repose, and last felicitie. *Let us follow our first traces.*

The first Epitaph which was put upon Tombes, was that of the faire *RACHEL*, as is partly remark't from Scripture, and *Borchardus* assures us it was a *Pyramide*, which *Iacob* erected, sustained upon a dozen precious stons, with this inscription,

Gen. 35. 20.

HERE LYES BEAVTIE
AND LOVE.

Ladyes, let your sweetnesse and blandishments now change language, and let 'em tell us no more that you are faire, since *Beautie* is buried in the Tombe of the faire *Rachel*: But if you make *bravado* of your crisped haire, whose glistering charmes dazle the eyes, & captivate mens soules at once:

Ladies, if you be
faire to day, there
is a to-morrow
when you shall
not.

All the tennures
of bodily perfe-
ctions are held of
time, whose in-
constancy takes
away with them
every moment.

Her bright lockes dispersed into a thousand golden wreaths, had the power to enchain mens hearts, and yet her vertue was to despise this power. But for all this, notwithstanding Nature was never able to exempt from rottenness this *Mistress*, or *Master-piece* of the workes of her hands. Suppose that Majestie it selfe, has no better *Mirroure* then from the cleere reflections of your ivorie fore-heads: *Rachels* was so perfect, that 'tis in vaine to seeke termes to expresse its accuratnesse, and yet now 'tis nothing but ashes, if so much.

Let your Eyes (suppose) be more cleere and beautifull then the Sunne, able to make a rape upon mens liberties, and enamourate the sternest hearts: those of *Rachel* were so admirable and bewitching, that she her selfe redoubted their force and power. Looking her selfe in a *Mirroure*, her owne eyes enflamed her, and of this pleasing heate, shee apprehended the influence, being her selfe even tempted to desire it: But for all this, those two sparkling wonders, quickned with
Natures

Natures sweetest, and most aymiable
graces, are now nothing but rottenness
and corruption.

Be your Cheeks halfe Lilies, halfe
Roses, your lippes Carnation-Gilly-
flowers; your teeth Orient Pearle,
your bosome purest Alabaster, and
all these lovely parts enlivened with a
spirit divine: faire Rachel possesse all
these perfections soveraignely, and
more then ere you saw, or wisht, as
elevated above your knowledge. But
(*O mishap*) she herselfe, in whom all
these rare beauties were united, and
assembled, is now no more ought at
all; or if she be somewhat, it can be
but a little dust, and earth, and ashes,
which the wormes keepe possession
of in deposite. *O fearefull metamorpho-
sis.*

Every thing
fades sooner in us,
then vanity and
sinne.

Ladies, will you yet presume your
selves faire, after you have thus now
assisted in imagination and thought,
to the funerals of *Beautie* it selfe after
you have read, I say, the Epitaph,
which Truth it selfe hath written
upon her Sepulture. I grant you have
a thousand sweets, and graces: yet now
at

at least confesse yee, that these blandishments are but of so thinne aeriall worths, that the wind carryes them away, as if they were composed of nought else; for scarcely have they birth, but you see them decay, and then the misprize, that each one makes of them, renders 'em more capable to produce pity then love.

'Tis remark't in the 'life of the happy *Francis Borgia*, of the Societie of the Jesuites, that being engaged in the world to seeke a fortune, although the greatnesse of his birth, and merits, were of very great consideration; the Emperour *Charles* the fifth committed to his charge the dead body of his deare Spouse, to be conducted and carryed to the Sepulcher of her ancestours, which he vnderooke, holding for an excesse of honour the commandement which hee had received, and the particular choise which his Majestie had made of his person. But then, when being arrived to the place, where were to be performed the last Exequies of this Princessse, they were desirous to visit the corps, accor-

according to the ordinary formallities accustomed to be practised in an action so important. Never was scene so much horreur, and dismay, as upon overture of the Coffin, on the countenances of the Spectators. They looke for the body of this Princess in his presence, and 'tis not to be found, for none can know it: her visage heretofore full of blandishments, and all the graces, both of Majestie, and sweetnesse is now but a heap of filth, whereof the worms in swarms, and still encreasing, keepe the Court of guard upon the putrefaction. And the rest of her body is still a fresh stocke for these vermine, who have now already reasonably well satisfied their hunger with this prey.

Even those that enwrap't this Princess in her winding linnen, dare not maintaine twas shee, and hee to whose care the body was deposited, knowes not what to say, finding himselfe so confounded, and astonish'd with so suddaine and affrightfull a Metamorphosis, that hee streight resolved at that instant, to quit the world,

There is no object more affrightfull then mortall miserie. but the daily habit of our sad experiences, takes away the horreur.

But O the worme of conscience is to wake soules much more dreadfull, then those which devour the body.

world, and deuest himselfe of all his greatnesse, since they are not able to exempt the body from corruption.

*All beauties but
of vertue are
still changing.*

Ladyes, suffer your selves to be no more surpris'd by vanity, you see to what extremitie of horror and miserie, are reduceable your allurements and charmes. The *greatest Princeesse* of the world, and one of the fairest as hath beene, being now fall'n from her Imperiall Throne into the grave, not one of her attendants can retaine any knowledge of her in so short a space. The wormes having effaced the lineaments of her resemblance, have inveloped it so deep into corruption, that no where is it to be found else being but Rottenesse. Reader, render up thy selfe to the hits of a Truth so sensible.

'Tis reported of *Semiramis*, that she caused to be put upon her Tombe this Inscription. *The King that shall have need of money, shall find within this Sepulcher as much as he would have on't.* And some time after, King *Darius* transported with a violent passion of Avarice, caused this Sepulcher to be opened; but

but found within no other riches, then of so much gold as was necessarily employed, in the engraving of these words. *Covetous wretch, which comest to disturbe the repose of the dead, satiate thy greedy passion upon the treasure of my miseries, since this object is powerfull enough to make thee undervalue all the riches of the world.*

'Tis an insolence to the priviledges of Nature, to trouble the repose of the Dead.

You that are Covetous, Enter often, at least in Meditation, into Tombes; visit to such effect the Church-yards, and you shall find therein more riches then you wish for, considering the horreur of that rotten earth, wherein your semblables are enterred, you will reason without doubt thus;

To what purpose at last will stead me all the treasures, which I amasse up in my coffers, if the very richest of the world be but earth, and ashes before my eyes? What shall I doe at the houre of my death, with all the goods which I now possesse, if even my body be a prey destinated to worms and rottenesse?

L O R D, I saye at nothing of this world, but that glory alone, which a man may acquire

*All our hopes
depend from
grace, nothing
from our selves.*

*He which medi-
tates of ano-
thers mans
death, puts him-
selfe in mind of
his owne, since
we are all slaves
to the same fate.*

acquire by the contempt of it, but as
is a glory, whereof the acquisition de-
pends of thy grace, more then my
force; give mee the *Courage*, if it please
thee, to surmount all the temptations,
which shall oppose themselves against
my designe of *Victorie*, to the end, that
my vowes may be heard, and my paines
recompensed. *I returne to my selfe.*

When I consider, that all the world to-
gether, is but as it were a *Cemitarie* or
Churchyard, wherein every houre of the
day, some wretchednesse, or other,
brings to the grave those whom such
their miserable condition hath destroy-
ed, I have no more passionate desire of
life, since evils and troubles are pro-
prietaries of it, rather then we. *who
can keepe account of the number of persons,
that expire at this very moment, that I am
now speaking to you, or the different
deaths, which terminate the course of
their carriere? All is universally dread-
full, and yet wee quake not, either in
horror, or astonishment.*

A Walke into *Church-yards*, and
Charnels, though it be sad and melan-
choly, by reason of the dolefull objects
there

there obvious, hath yet ne'r the lesse something in it agreeable to content good soules, in the contemplation of those very objects, which they there find. How often have I ta'en pleasure to consider a great number of Dead mens skulls arranged one in pile upon another with this conceit of the *vanitie*, and *arrogance*, wherewith otherwile they have beene filled. Some have had no other *cave* but of their *Haire*, employing the greatest part of their time, either to frizzle or to *crumpe* them; and represent unto your selves by the way, what *recompence* now betides them for all their paines. Others all full of *ambition*, had no other aymes but at Coronall wreaths, consider a little in this their miserie, the injustice of their pretentions.

I ha' remark't in sequell how a little worme did gnaw the arme of some late *Samson*, reducing thus all his force to an object of compassion; and wretchednesse, since that arme heretofore so strong, and dreadfull, had not now force enough to resist a little worme. Reader muze often of these truths, and thou

In many of the Church-yards of France, are thousands of dead mens skulls and bones, piled up, as at S. Innocents at Paris, Saint Croix at Orleans, &c.

Meditation upon the vanities of life is a piece of serious felicitie before death.

thou shalt finde therein more joy then sadnesse.

Typotinus reports of *Iohn Duke of Cleve-land*, that to testifie the frailty of our nature and the miseries of our condition, hee had ta'en the Embleme of a Lilly, with this device.

Hodie Liliū,
Cras Nihilum.

Hodie hoc, cras nihil. It flourishes to day, to morrow 'tis nothing.

Even those
things, which
seeme most dura-
ble, have in ef-
fect but a mor-
ning prime like
flowers.

Great Kings, your life is like this Lily, it appeares like this flower, at Sunne-
rise with glittering and pompe, but at
noone its vivacitie and luster begin
to fade, and at the end of the day it va-
nisheth away with it, and scarce its be-
ing is remembred.

We read in *Appianus* of *Pompey*, that
after he had triumphed over three parts
of the world, he carryed nothing away
with him to the grave, but these words,
Hic situs est magnus Pompeius, *Pompey is here buried with all his pompe.*

O World, how poore art thou, since
thou hast but such a thing of nought
to give? O Fortune, how miserable
art thou, when thy favorites are expo-
sed to publike view, as objects of
compassion? Let him trust in'em who
will,

which flatters not.

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will, a man shall never be able to escape their tromperies, but by despising their favours.

Here lyes Hannibal: Behold all the honour, which posteritie rendred to the memory of so great a Captaine. And *Time*, even jealous of the glory of his name, though not able to bury it in the Abysses of *Oblivion*, hath yet devoured the very marble of his Sepulcher. Are not these things truths worthy to raise astonishment?

Time is as inexorable as Death, and neither of them spare any.

'Tis remark't in *Suetonius*, of one of the Romane Emperours, that being now at last gaspe, and as it were at a bay with *Death*, he cryed out in excesse of astonishment; *Eui omnia, sed nihil expedit: I have beene all in all, but now it nothing helpeth me.* I have tasted all the pleasures of all the greatnesse of the world, but the *sweetes* are changed into *sonres*, and onely their bitter disguise stayes with me.

Experiment all the delights of the Earth, *Great Kings*, the distast will ever at last only remaine to your mouths, & sorrowes to your hearts, and if these doe no good on you, a thousand eter

Q

nal

*Contentments
cause in their pri-
vation as ex-
treme discon-
tents.*

nall punishments will possesse your soules. Represent to your selves, that all the felicities of *Life*, are of the same nature as *that is*, *That* decaies every moment, and *they* flit away without cease. The contentments which men receive here below, are like the pleasures of the Chace, which are onely rellish't running. *I draw to an end.*

Belon in his *Aionuments* of the *Kings of Egypt*, sayes, that *they* were enterred with such a splendour of pompe and magnificence, that even those who had diverse times before beene admirers of it, were for all that often in doubt, whether the people went to place the *corps* in the Throne againe, rather then in their Sepulcher. O how ill to the eyes is the luster of this sad kind of honour! For if vanitie be insupportable barely of it selfe, these excesses of it, put the spirits upon the racke.

Diodorus Siculus, speaking of the Tombe which *Alexander* caused to be erected, for his favorite *Ephesian*, assures that the magnificences, which were there to be admired, were beyond

as

as well all valew, as example. *Marble, Brasse, Gold, and Pearles*, were profusely offered to most cunning Artisans, to frame thereof such workes, wherein *sadnesse* and *compassion*, might be so naturally represented, that they might affect the whole world with the like. *Diamonds, Rubies*, and all other precious stones, were there employed, under the Image of a *Sunne, Moone, and Stars*. It seemes this *Monarch* blinded with Love, thought to hold the *Planets* captive in the glorious enchainments of those faire Master-pieces, as if hee would revenge himselfe of them for their maligne influences, which they had powred upon the head of his deare *Ephesion*. But this conceite was vaine, for the same *starres*, whose captivity hee ostented upon this *Tombe*, conducted him also by little and little to his grave.

The *Romans* transported with passion, to honour the memory of the *Dictator Sylla*, caused his statue to be framed of a prodigious height, all composed of perfumes, and cast it into the funerall pile, where his body, where-

A Man should
never be angry
with his hard
fates the decrees
of't, are in-
vitable.

of this was also but a shadow, was to be burn't to ashes : Being desirous by this action, to give to understand, that as the odour of his *statue* disperst it selfe through all the City of *Rome*, the much more odoriferous savour of his peculiar vertues would spred it selfe through all the world. But to goe to the *rigour* of the *literall* sense, it is credible, they had not cast in this aromaticall statue into the *stacke*, but only to temper the excesse of the stench of the body, which was to be consumed with it. And I proceed to imagine beside, that the odour of this statue, the cinders of his body, and all the glory of the actions of *Sylla*, had all the same fate, since the winde triumph't o're'm altogether. Behold the reverse of the *Medall* of *Vanitie*.

'Tis remark't in the life of the Emperour *Severus*, by the report of *DION*, that hee made to be set at the gate of his Palace an *Urne* of marble, and as oft as he went in or out, hee was accustomed to say, laying his hand on it; Behold the Case that shall enclose him, whom all the world could not containe.

Great

Great Kings, have often the same thoughts in your soules, if you have not the like discourses in your mouths, the *smallest vessel of earth is too great for the ashes of your bodies*, which shall remaine of them, after the wormes have well fed on them: for the wretchednesse of your humane condition, reduceth you at last to so small a thing, that you are *nothing at all*. But if I must give a name to those graines of corrupted dust, which are made of your deplorable remaines, I shall call them the *Idea's* of a dreame, since the memory of your being can passe for no other together with the time. *Behold a fresh subject of entertaine.*

Max only is
considerable in
respect of his no-
ble actions.

Some of our Ethnicke Historians report to us, that the *Troglodites* buried their kindred and friends, with the tone of joyfull cries, and acclamations of *mirth*.

The *Lothophagi* cast them into the Sea, choosing rather to have them eaten of fishes in the water, then of wormes in the earth.

The *Scythians* did eate the bodies of their friends, in signe of amitie, in-

so much that the living were the Sepulchers of the dead. The *Hircanians* cast the bodies of their kindred to the Dogges. The *Massagetes* exposed them as a prey to all manner of ravenous beasts.

The *Lydians* dried them in the Sun, and after reduced them to powder, to the end the wind might carry them away.

Amongst all the customes, which were practised amongst these *Strange Nations*, I find none more commendable then the first, of the *Troglodites*, looking for no hell, they had good reason to celebrate the funerall of their friends and kindred, with laughter and acclamations of cheerefulness, rather then with teares, and lamentations.

For though that *Life* be granted us by divine favour, yet we enjoy it but as a punishment, since it is no other thing then a continual correction of our continual offences. Besides the sad accidents which accompany it inseparably, even to the grave are so numerous, that a man may justly be very glad at the end of

There is more contentment to die
then to live, if we
consider the end,
for which man
was created.

of his journey, to see himselfe discharged of so ponderous a burthen. Not that I here condemne the *teares*, which we are accustomed to *shed*, at the death of our neereſt friends, for theſe are *reſentments* of *griefe*, whereof *Nature* authorizeth the *fiſt* *violences*. But neither doe I blame the *vertue* of thoſe *ſpirits*, who never *diſcover* *alteration* upon any *rencounter* of the miſhaps, and miſeries of the world, how *extreme* ſoever they be. And what diſaſter is it to ſee dye, either our kindred or friends, ſince all the world together, and Nature it ſelfe, can doe nothing elſe. What reaſon then can a man have to call himſelfe miſerable, for being deſtinated to *celebrate the funerals* of thoſe, whom he loves beſt, ſince the *divine Providence*, hath ſoveraignely eſta bliſhed this *order*, and ſince moreover in this *carreere* of *Death*, to which all the world ſpeeds, the *Preſent* on't, being not diſtinguiſh't but by *Time*, it will appeare when all is come to the *upſhot*, that one hath lived as long as another, ſince *all ages* though *different* during their continuance, are *equall* then

The body of Man being made of earth is ſubject to earth; but the ſoule holds onely of its ſoveraine Creator.

The living are more to be bemoaned than the dead, they being ſtill in the midd'ſt of this liſtempeſt, but theſe are already arrived to their Port.

when they are past. Change wee the discourse.

I advow once againe, There is no remedie more soveraigne to cure the passion of *arrogance*, then this the of *consideration* of *Cemitaries*, and *Tombes*. The most vaine-glorious and ambitious are forced to yeeld themselves at the assaults of these *sad objects*. For a spirit ne're so brave and valourous, cannot but be astonish't, when he sees at his feet the bones and dust of an infinite number of persons, who were as valiant as he, what thoughts can he have but of *submission*, and *humilitie*, considering that one part of himselfe is already reduced into dust and filth? I say a part of himselfe, since he himselfe is but a piece of the same matter, which now serves him for object, and to the same last point will be extended one day the line of his life.

To what purpose
is Courage against
those perils,
which cannot be
avoided.

Aeneid. lib. 2.
Iacet ingens
litore truncus,
Avulsumque
humeri caput,
& sine no
mine corpus.

When *Virgil* tells us of the fate of *Priam*, hee brings in *Aeneas* astonish't at it, that so great a Monarch should leave to posteritie no other Monument of his greatnesse, but a *Tronck of flesh*, a *head* separated from the shoulders,

ders and a *carkasse*, without name or shape.

Great Kings, This truth is a *Mirror* which flatters not. Gaze here often in these meditations, and you will surely at length consider, that *All is full of vanity*, and that this glory of the world, whereof you are so strongly Idolaters, is but a *Phantasse*, and *Chimera*, to which your imaginations give that beauty, which charmes you, and that delicacie, which ravishes you. What thinke you is it, to be the greatest of the world? 'Tis an honour, whereof miserie and inconstancy are the foundations, for all the felicities which can arrive us, are of the same nature as wee are, and consequently, as miserable as our condition, and as changing. This *Earth* whereon you live, is the *lodging* of the dead, what *eternitie* beleeve you to find in it? Eternitie of honours, riches, and contentments, there was never any but in imagination, and this *Idea*, which wee have of them, is but a reflection from the lightning of Truth, where-with heaven illuminates noble *soules*, thus to guide them to the search

He which makes himselfe rightly sensible of his miseries is partly in way to be exempted from their tyranny.

*There is nothing
eternall in this
world but this
scope of youth.*

Seneca.
* Hoc iubet illa
Pythicis ora-
culis adscripta
vox, Nosce Te.

*He that searches
into himselfe shall
not lose his la-
bour.*

search of the true source of all, by the ayde of these small rivolets. *It is time to finish this worke.*

I have made appeare to you in the first Chapter, the particular study which a man ought to take, to come to the * Knowledge of himselfe, wherein lyes the accomplishment of perfection. And herein the precept is, The Consideration of the miseries, which are destined to our Nature, as being so many objects capable enough, to force up the power of our reason, to give credence to the resentments of frailty, which are proper to us. But this is not all to be meerely sensible of our wretchednesse. Serious Consideration must often renew the Ideas of them in our soules, more then the hard experience of them. And this to the end, that vanitie, to which wee are too incident, may not surprize us, during the intervals of a meditation, so important. Wee must often dive into our selves, and seeke in the truth of our nothingnesse, some light to make us thus to know our selves. Afterwards making a rise a little higher, it is necessary to consider

Consider the *End*, for which wee were created, and in this *consideration* to employ all the powers of the severall *faculties* of our *soules*, to the generous designe of getting *possession* of that *glory*. Behold the *Corollarie* of my first *Argument*, or *Chapter*.

The *second* instructs us a new meanes, to resist powerfully the *hits* of the *vanities* of the world, from the example of the wretchednesse of * *one of the greatest Monarchs* of the world. *Fortune* had refused him nothing, because she meant to take all from him, for in the height of his *glory* he finds himselfe reduced to the poorennesse of his *shirt* onely, which is all he carries with him into the *grave*. And this makes us sensibly perceive that the greatnesse of the earth are *Goods*, as good as estranged from humane nature, since in this mortall and perishing condition wee can onely possesse their *usance*, and the *terme* of this *possession* is of so short *endurance* that wee see as soone the *end*, as the *beginning*. Reader represent unto thy selfe, how thou shalt be dealt with at thy death, both by *Fortune* and the world, since the

* *Saladine.*

Poverty and
Riches depend
upon opinion,
and a noble
soule is above
his fortune in
what condition
he ever be.

Et quæ vene-
raris, & quæ-
despicias unus
exæquabit ci-
nis.

Sen.

*The horrour of
Death, is purely
in the weakenes
of imagination.*

Sen.

* Incertum est,
quo te loco
Mors expectet:
itaque tu illam
omni loco ex-
pecta.

the Minion of this blind Goddesse, and *the greatest* of the Universe is exposed all naked in his shirt in sight of all his subjects to be given in prey to the wormes, as well as the most miserable of the Earth.

The Third Chapter, where *Life* leads *Death* in Triumph teaches, us the Art to vanquish *this untamable*, by considering its weakenesse: for in effect, if Death be but a privation, 'tis to be deprived of reason and judgement, to give it a being, since it cannot subsist but in our impaired imaginations. The fantosme of an *Idea* is it, whose very forme is immateriall, as having no other substance, I say but that, which the weakenesse of our spirit gives it. And againe, to come to the most important point; Let this be the close of the recapitulation, that you may have meanes not to stand in feare on't; * *Muze on it alwayes, looke for it in all places*, and o'recomming your selves, you shall triumph over it. Never did an unblemisht life feare Death.

The last Chapter, where the object
of

of *Camiteries*, and *Sepulchers*, is laid before your eyes, may now againe serve for the *last touch*, since it is a *Theater*, where you must play the *Tragedie* of your *lives*. All this great number of *Actors*, whose bones and ashes you see there, have every one playd their *part*, and it may be, that the houre will *soone Knell*, that you must act *yours*. Reader, live ever in this providence, a *Man* cannot *too soone* resolve to doe that well, which howsoever must be done of *necessitie*. *God grant*, that these last lines may once againe reproach thee, the bad estate of thy *Conscience*; delay not too long this *Check* to thy selfe, least too late the *regreets* be then invaine. *Thy salvation is fastned to an instant*, consider the infinite number of *them*, which are already slip't away, when perhaps at that *moment*, thou wert in estate (*if dying*) to incur the punishment of a *second Death*, and that *eternall*. If thou trust to thy *youth*, put thy head out of the *window*, and thou shalt see carryed to the *grave* some not so old as thy selfe. If thou relye upon the *health*, which thou now enjoyest,

tis

Hodie mihi
Cras tibi;
Thinke on that
Reader, it may
be thy turne to
morrow,

Momentum
est unde pen-
det arc: ni-
tas.

Sæpe optimus
status corporis
pericul. fuli-
mus.

Hip.

Sera nimis Vi-
ta est crastina,
vive hodie.

'tis but a false going-dyall. *The calme of a perfect health, hath oftentimes ushered the Tempest of a suddaine Death.* What hopest thou for? hope is deceitfull; what stayest thou for. *A wise man ought never to defer till to morrow, what should be done to day.* Lastly, what desirest thou? *The peace of conscience is the only desirable good.* Goe on then right forward, thou canst not misse the way which I have chalk't thee:

FINIS.



PERLECTORI.

The TRANSLATOR'S COROLLARIE.

*SO, Now 'tis done, alihough it be no Taske,
That did much Braines, or toylefome Study aske:
The meaning I 'vouch good, but Merit small,
In rendring English, the FRENCH PRINCIPALL:
It is but a Translation I confesse,
And yet the Rubs of Dearth in't nere thelesse
May trippe some cap'ring Fancies of the Time,
That Domineere, and Swagger it in Rime,
That Charge upon the Reader, and give Fire,
On all, that doe not (as they doe) admire,
Either their rugged Satyrs cruell reine,
Or puffed-paste Notes 'bove Ela in high straine,
Then in prevention quarrell like a curst,
Scold, who being guilty, yet will call Whore first.
When any dyes whose Muse was rich in Verse,
They claime Succession, and prophane his Herse,
They onely are Heires of his Braine-estate,
Others are base, and illegitimate.*

All

*All but their owne Abettors they defie,
And L O R D-it in their Wit-Supremacy.
Others they say but Sculke, or lye i' th' lurch,
As we hold Schismaticks from the true Church,
So hold they all, that doe decline their way,
Nor sweare by Heaven, Al's excellent they say,
Twere well they'd see the fing'ring on these frets,
Can neither save their Soules, nor pay their Debts
Or would they they thinke of Death as they should doe,
They would live better, and more honourd too.
Tis base to doe base deeds, yet for false fame,
To Keepe a stirre, and bustle into Name:
Whilst each applauds his owne, contemnes an others,
Becons his owne deserts, but his he smothers,
They feare Fame's out of breath, and therefore they,
Trumpet their owne praises in their owne way.
Or ioyne in Tricke of Stale Confed'racy.
Cal'd Quid pro Quo, Claw me, and Ile claw thee
Marry, at others (Tooth and Naile) they flye,
That do not tread their Path, but would goe bye.
Farewell to these, my ayme not here insists,
Leave me these wranglers unto equall lists.
To Nobler Natures I my brest expose,
The Good I bow to in an humble Cloze:
To such as knowing how vaine this Life is,
Exalt their thoughts to one better then This.
'Tis the best Method to be out of Love;
With things below, and thence to soare above.*

*To which effect my soules integrity,
In L'envoy thus salutes each courteous eye.*

L'ENVOY.

INGENUOUS READER, thou do'st crowne
The Morall active course layd downe,
By *De la SERRÉ*, what is pen'd,
If thy ACTIONS recommend.

Relating to the first E M B L E M E.

WHen haughtie thoughts impuffe thee, than
Dictate thy selfe, *Thou art but Man,*
A fabricke of commixed *Dust*,
Thats all the prop of humane trust.
How dares a Clod of mouldring *Clay*
Be *Proud*, decaying every day?
And yet there is a way beside,
Wherein may be a lawfull *Pride*.
When sly *Temptations* stirre thee, Than,
Against the Word, *Thou art a Man.*

Rouse up thy *Spirits*, doe not yeeld,
A brave resistance winnes the *Field*:
Shall a soule of *Heavenly* breath,
Grovell so farre, its worth beneath :
Foully to bee pollute with slime,
Of any base and shamefull crime ?
Thou art a *Man*, for *Heaven* borne,
Reflect on *Earth*, disdainefull scorne,
Bee not abus d, since Life is *short*,
Squander it not away in sport :
Nor hazard heaves *severall* Joyes,
For a small spurt of wordly Toyes.
Doe *something* ere thou doe bequeath,
To *wormes* thy flesh to Aire thy breath ;
Something that may, when thou art dead,
With *honour* of thy name be read.
Something that may, when thou art cold,
Thaw frozen *Spirits*, when tis told,
Something that may the grave controule,
And shew thou hadst a *noble* Soule.

Doe *something* to *advance* thy blisse
Both in the other World, and This:

Relating

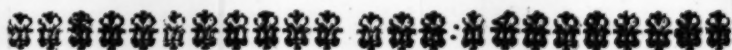


Relating to the second

EMBLEME.

WEre both the *Indias* treasures Thine,
And thou **L**ORD of every *Mine*,
Or hadst thou all the golden Ore,
On *Tagus* or *Pactolus* Shore,
And were thy Cabinet the *Shrine*,
Where thousand pearles and Diamonds shine,
All must be left, and thou allowd,
A little linnen for thy *Shrowl*.
Or if 'twere so thy Testament,
Perhaps a goodly Monument.
What better is a golden Chase,
Or *Marble*, then a *Charnell* place?
Charon hence no advantage makes,
A halfe-penny a soule he takes,
Thy heires will leave thee but a *Shirt*,
Enough to hide thy rotten Dirt.
Then bee not Greedy of much pelfe,
He that gets all, may lose himselfe.
And Riches are of this *Dilemme*,
Or they leave us, or we must them.
Death brings to Misers double Woe,
They loose their Cash, and their soules too.

Change then thy scope to heavenly gaines,
That wealth eternally remaines.



Relatory to the third

EMBLEME.

BE not *curious*, to amaze
With glitt'ring pompe the *Vulgar* gaze,
Strive not to cheat with vaine delight,
Those that are *catcht* with each brave fight.
How soone will any gawdy show,
Make their *low* Spirits overflow,
Whose Soules are ready to *runne-ore*,
At any *Toy* nere seene before.
Rather thy *better* thoughts apply,
For to addresse thy selfe to dye.
Bee ne're so glorious, after all
Thy latest *pompe's* thy *Funerall*.
Shall a dresse of *Tyrian* Dye,
Or *Venice-gold* Embroyderie,
Or new-fash'on-varied *Vest*,
Tympanize thy out-strutting brest,
There's none of these will hold thee tacke,
But thy last colour shall be *Blacke*.
Bee not deceiv'd, *There* comes a *Day*,
Will *sweepe* thy Gloryes all away.

Meane

Meane while, the thought on't may abate
Th' *Excesses* of thy present 'state.

Death never can that *Man* surprize

That *watches* for't with wary *Eyes*.

Doe Soe, And thou shalt make thereby

A *Vertue of Necessitie*;

And, when thy *Dying-day* is come,

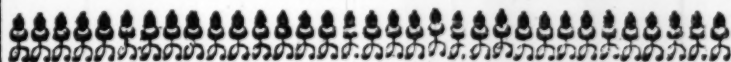
Goe, like a *Man* that's walking home.

Heav'n Guard thee with *Angelicke* pow'r

To be prepared for *that houre*,

When ev'ry *Soule* shall feele what 'Tis

To have liv'd *well*, or done *Amisse*.



Relating to the fourth

EMBLEME.

L Et nor the *Splendour* of high *Birch*
Bee all thy *Glosse* without true worth,
Let neither *honour*, nor vast *wealth*
Beautie, nor *Valour*, nor firme *health*
Make thee beare up too high thy head,
All men alike are buried.

Srare

Stare not with Supercilious brow,
Poore folkes are *Dust*, and so art *Thou*.
Triumph not in thy worldly Odds,
They dye like men whom we count Gods,
And in the *Grave* it is all one,
Who enjoy'd all, or who had none.
Death cuts off all superfluous,
And makes the proudest *One of us*,
Nor shall there *diff'rence* then betweene,
The dust of *L O R D S*, or *slaves* be seene.
Together under ground they lye
Without distinctive Heraldry;
Unlesse it be that some brave Tombe,
Doe grace the *Great-ones* in Earths wombe.
But better 'tis that *Heaven's* dore,
Is oft'nest open to the poore;
When those, who se backs and sides with sinne,
Are bunch't, and swolne, cannot get in.
Beware the Bulke of thy Estate,
Shocke thee from entrance at that *Gate*.
Give Earth to Earth, but give thy Minde
To Heaven, where it's seates assign'd,
If, as it came from that bright *Spheare*;
Thiuker thou tend, not fix it here.

Live,

Live, that thy SOVLE may *White* return,
Leaving it's *Partner* in the VRNE,
Till a BLEST DAY shall reunite,
And beame them with *Eternall Light*.

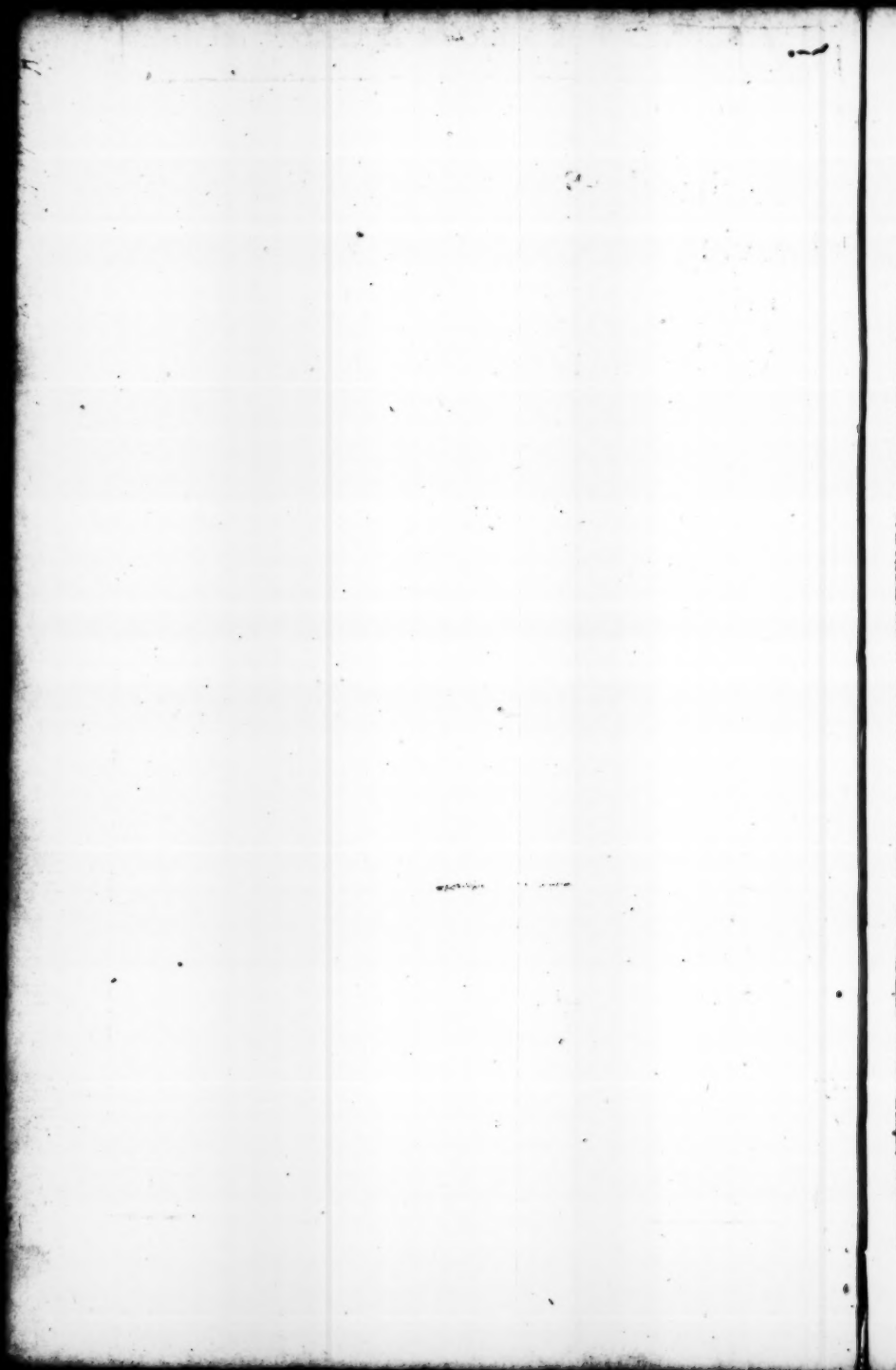
Ainsi Souhaite

Vostre treshumble Serviteur

Tho. Cary.

TOWER-HILL,
Anxepenultima Augusti.

1638.



To my endeared Friend, the Translatour,
M^r THOMAS CARY.

I.

‘TIs Morall *Magicke*, and Wits *Chymistrie*,
Out of *Deaths* Uglineſſe
T’extra& so trim a Dresse:
And to a *Constellated* Cryſtall tie
Such an imperious spell,
As who lookes on it well,
By sprightie Apparitions to the Eye
Shall see he must, and yet not feare to dye.

2.

No brittle toy, but a tough monument
(Above ſteele, marble, Brasse)
Of *Malleable* Glasse:
Which also wil (while *Wifedome* is not spent)
Out-price th’*adored* wedge,
And blunt *Times* Sickle’s edge:
Usher’d with gracious safety in its vent,
For, to *dissever* Spirits fairely lent.

3.

FRIEND, here remoulded by Thy English hand,
(To speake it, is no feare)
In hew as *slicke* and *chare*.
Nay, when Thy owne *Minerva* now doth stand
On a *Composing* ſtare;
’Twas *chut* ſie, to *Translate*.
But most thy *choiſe* doth my applauſe command;
First for thy *ſelfe*, then for this crazie *Land*.

H. I.



LECTURO.

Conspice, quod vani nudat tectoria Fastus;
Et penetrabundi concipe vera Libri,
O falsis animose bonis: Sirenaque rerum
Dedotus, vitreas exue delicias.

Interpres Genium, quo vivax Author, habebit:
Nec tantum Patrii claustra decora soni.

Tam bene Cinnamêa pingit feralia cannâ,
Phoenicis miro quæ quasi rapta rogo.

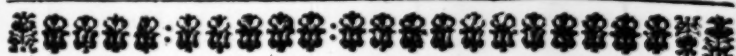
E gemitu solatiolum, è pædore venustas,
Eque cadavereo vita reculta situ.

Alter in arcanis sapiat subtile docendis,
Sublimique susus stet ratione liber:

Alter amet flores, bibuli mulcedo popelli;
Surdescens tandem plausibus ipse suis.

Præsentem Libitina librum sibi vendicat; illa
Corripiens artem Rhetoris, illa Sophi.

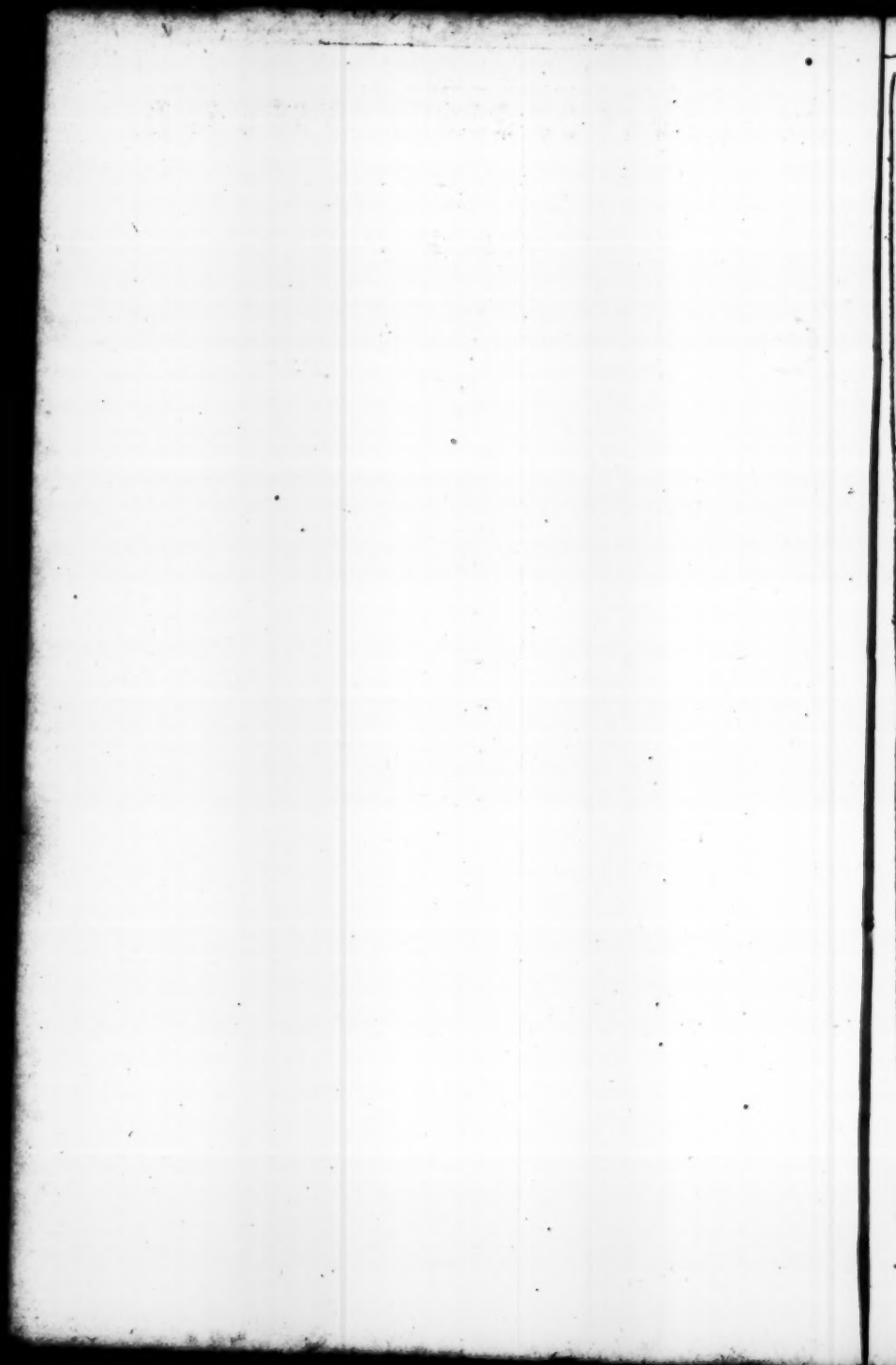
H. I.



ΤΩ ΕΝΤΕΥΞΑΜΕΝΩ, ΙΑΜΒΙΚΑ.

ΟΡΘΟΣΙΟΙΣ ἄρ' ὡς πέλει βεβαμμένον
 Πίσει χρησιμώδημα τῷ· ὈΛΟΝ, ΚΕΝΟΝ.
 Τὴν δ' ἀβέβαιαν καὶ λόγῳ σοφὸν βάρεθ
 Μὴ ποῦ ξυμπαζῶσιν αἱ σκαλὶ φρένες,
 Χαύναςιν ἐλπίδων αἰωρεμῆαι,
 Τῇ ψευδοφάντῳ βεκολεμῆαι φύσει.
 Ἡ δεξιὰ φρενὶ καὶ δι' ἡπτετέρῳ
 Ὄρωσ', ἐπέγω πάντα τὰν κόσμον γλυκεία,
 Σεμνοπρεπιῶν τε πάντα (καὶ σὺ ἀν' τῷδε
 Γίγατομίμοις ἢ δοκῇ φρονήμασι)
 Καπνὲ σκίαν, ἢ καὶ καπνὲ σκίας ὄναρ.
 Μόνιμον μόνον ὃ, φρονιμον· ἢ τό γ' εὐσεβείας,
 Ἀπύνακτον ἔδραν ἡρανοῖς ἀποικίσαν.
 Ὡς πάσας ἐν τῷ παντί τ' Τύχης πύργῳ
 Δεῖ μεδιάζειν, καὶ βροτοὺς ὑπερφρονεῖν.
 Ρέπει τὸ Μετρίφρον Αἰερεθ δίκην,
 Οὗ γ' ὑψιφεγγὲς ἀροκυματεῖ σέλας.
 Τύφθ' καπνησθὸν αἰερεμκατεῖν ἐρεῖ,
 Ἐκ τοι ταπηνῶν σπαργάνων πυργέμεθ'·
 Δέχεσθ' ὃ ταύτης τῷ σελίδῃ χρησιμώδους
 Μυσὶν τε καὶ κήρυκα, καὶ φερωνύμους
 Στιβαρῆς διαπρισεῖραν ἱπποτυξίας.

HEN. IACOB.



Ad-vertiffement au Lecteur.

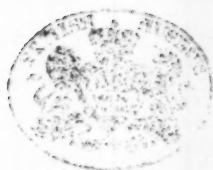
Generous READER,

T*was upon occasion of the last Summer's sad effects generall over all England, and some resentments of mine owne; when the Reading and Copying English this Authour's French Originall, seasonably engaged my thoughts, and Pen. I thinke al's not forgotten yet: But in a longer intervall, and indeed alwayes, there ought still to bee a deepe apprehension of our Mortality. This our AUTHOR inculcates to us in Notions quicke and pertinent, though in some historicall allusions he may a little o're-trust his Memory.*

Valebis.

THO. CARY.

—Laudatus abundè
Non fastiditus—





Imprimatur,

Lingua Vernacula,

S A. B A K E R.



